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Mr. Booby
With the
Author's kind regards!

2082

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THREE MONTHS

in

CANADA

and the

UNITED STATES.

By

James. Horatio. Booty.



“When thou haply seest
Some rare, note-worthy object in thy travels,
Make me partaker of thy happiness.”--Shakspeare.



London :

Printed by the Author at his private residence.

1862.



My dear Friends,

The following pages contain various incidents and particulars of my trip in America and Canada, chiefly collected from a journal which I kept during my tour. My manuscript which I arranged, was seen only by a few of you, as having made a resolution to put it into print I withdrew it. I have no wish to magnify in the least degree what I have been able to accomplish in the following pages; however, I must say that the production of the same has cost me much time and labour. I am only delighted that I have been so far successful in making a completion of this book, for it has seemed to me many times almost beyond my powers.

After what I have stated, I trust any errors and imperfections that may be discovered in the printing of the following pages, will be excused on the plea of the work having been entirely carried out by such an amateur as,

Yours truly,

James. Horatio. Booty.

London, 1862.

THREE MONTHS
in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

I had often pictured to myself that a trip across the Atlantic would be full of novelty and pleasure. However, I never fully believed that I should be able to make such a tour, by reason of the length of time that it would require. But reader, I must tell you, that after having made my "notions" of such a trip known, I was very kindly allowed to have three months leave of absence from business pursuits.

I need not say I was not backward in letting such an opportunity pass by, so I was soon involved in various preparations for leaving England. I did not take long to put myself in proper trim for a start,

so after sundry arrangements and leavetaking of most of my friends, I started on the afternoon of the 28th of April (1859) for Liverpool, where I staid with my cousin Mr S. H. Lloyd until the 30th. By 8 o'clock that morning I arrived at the quay where there was a steam tender lying alongside to receive the passengers for transport to the Cunard Steamship lying in mid-channel, with her steam up ready for starting. As soon as everybody had gained the latter ship they were all bustling about to see that their luggage had been carried on board "all right"; at last the stream of baggage ceased and as everything has an end, so the Mail Agent arriving with his postal cargo, gave an indication to the friends to take leave of those they had come to see off:—

"Some wave the hand, and some begin to cry,"

"Some take a weed, and nodding, say good bye."

And now the steam is on, and off goes the splendid steamship "Persia", Captain Judkins. She had a full cargo and over 170 cabin passengers. I was most fortunate in having obtained a very comfortable berth in a cabin which was one of the largest in the ship, on this voyage there were only two berths, the one occupied by myself, and the other by another young man; when the ship however has the full complement of passengers two more berths are put up: having this extra space added much to my comfort during the voyage.

Unless there chances to be some peculiarity

in arrangement or circumstances all voyages I should say resemble each other so much that it is needless to tire the reader with dulness of repetition.

Ship life, particularly on a steamer is not at all fragrant, in short you meet with such a combination of grease, steam, onions, and dinners in general, either past, present, or to come, which, floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence which shortly after sailing begins to come upon you; the sight of every white-capped wave, the people, and in fact everything around you causes a mysterious sensation which steals slowly and inexplicably upon you.

It is really amusing to watch the gradual progress of the epidemic; most of the people step on board in the highest possible feather, they parade the deck and seem on the best possible terms with themselves and mankind generally; meanwhile the treacherous ship undulates and heaves in the most graceful manner, and then most of them yield to the mysterious spell. During the dinner Stewards will occasionally upset a soup plate which sometimes falls inside the waistcoat of a "Swell", who travelling for the first time, thinks it requisite to "get himself up" as if going to the Opera. People under the influence of some internal and irresistible agency, will occasionally spring from the table with an energy that is but too painfully exhausted, upsetting a few side dishes as their feet catch the corner of the cloth.

Ladies, whose rosy cheeks and bright eyes dimmed

with parting tear, had, as they waved the last adieu, told of buoyant health and spirits, gather mysteriously to the sides of the vessel, ready for any emergency, or perhaps lie helpless in their berths, resigning themselves to the ubiquitous stewardess, who seems to think their groans and agonies a regular part of the play.

Then of course there are young ladies, "charming creatures," who in a very short space of time are going to die, and are sure they will die, and don't care if they do; these also in time are consigned with all speed to the dismal lower regions. Again, there are always some whose interiors have been case-hardened by Old Neptune, these patrol the deck and they seem to be having a good time generally, and they always meet you with "What a charming run we are having! Is it not delightful? and so on. Fortunately I could class myself with the latter portion of the passengers for I did not suffer at all, so I was thus enabled to enjoy the passage to a greater extent than I had anticipated.

But at night! the beauties of a night on shipboard! down in your berth, with the sea fizzing and gurgling within a few feet of your ear; and then at 12 o'clock the steward comes along to put out your light, and there you are! as my companion in my cabin said to me, Jonah in the Whale was not more dismal.

There in profound ignorance and blindness, you lie, and find yourself rolled about in all manner of ways; probably you lay awake some time and every kind

of odd noise in the ship attracts your notice, creaking straining, blowing off steam, and if the weather is at all foggy you have the benefit of the fog whistle every few minutes; however after listening with all your might for some time sleep overcomes you, and the morning light at once convinces you that nothing very particular has been the matter, and that all these frightful noises are only the necessary attendants of what is termed a good run.

The eleven days that now divide England and America are not long enough for anything, but in a voyage of three or four months people of course must give up to their situation, and make arrangements to live a regular life. If a ship heaves in sight, and during our passage we passed several, or a Whale spouts, it causes a great sensation. Walking the deck is the means of getting rid of many an hour, and after you have got your sea legs you find the exercise agreeable enough; a double convenience of getting warmth and fresh air is to seat yourself under the shelter of one of the red smoke pipes of the steamer, and in that situation Time can be killed by reading &c. Everything is done on board these ships with an admirable order and system, which gives you confidence in seeing such watchfulness and care displayed. On Sunday morning service is performed by the Captain in the Saloon, a procession of the greater part of the sailors dressed in their best, file in, and take their places, together with such passengers as feel disposed. We were two Sundays at sea, on the

second one, a Clergyman, one of the passengers, officiated.

We were enlivened during the voyage with some music, performed exceedingly well by six of the stewards ; they played for a short time previous to breakfast, and after dinner for an hour or two.

It is said "music hath charms" and certainly I never saw it more exemplified than on these occasions, for the delightful strains floating over the expanse of waters seemed to give "better spirits" to most of the passengers. At the end of the voyage a subscription was made for these musical stewards, and over £15 collected.

After we had been out nine days, or so, most of the passengers began to improve, and the sick ones reappeared by degrees to take a little fresh air, and began to talk of the pleasure they would have when they were once more on "terra firma". The first part of the voyage the weather was very agreeable, but the last four or five days we encountered very heavy head winds; it was stated however to be a "good run", and a very pleasant passage.

Well, I must now acquaint the reader that early on the morning of the 11th. of May a Pilot came on board, and that by 9 o'clock the "Persia" came to an anchorage in New York Bay; the weather unfortunately was wet and dull, which prevented most things that were presented to view bearing that gay appearance that they otherwise would have done.

Taking leave of our worthy Captain, we were all soon

landed on the soil of the Giant Republic at Jersey City, where the wharves, &c, of the Cunard line are established, they not having been able to procure sufficient space on the New York side.

The first thing to be encountered was, of course, the Custom house; but I must tell the reader, that a Custom house Officer in America is not that species of detective police and pompous inquisitive sort of personage that you too often meet with in the Old World. He did not consider it requisite to tumble everything out on the floor, and put you to every possible inconvenience, by way of exhibiting his importance; perfectly satisfied on that point himself, he impressed you with it by simple courtesy, thus gaining respect instead of exciting ill-will and contempt. In a short time the examination was finished, and a few minutes more we were all on board of the ferryboat to cross to New York.

These ferryboats were totally different to any I had ever seen in England there is a good clear hundred feet gangway, twelve or fourteen feet broad, on each side of the engine, and a covered cabin outside each gangway, extending half the length of the vessel; a platform accommodating itself to the rise and fall of the water, enables you to drive on board with perfect ease, while the little kind of basin into which you run on either side, being formed of strong piles fastened only at the bottom, yields to the vessel as she strikes, and entirely does away with any concussion. I do not think I found anything more perfect

in construction and arrangement than the ferries and their boats; the charges are very moderate, varying according to distances, and ranging from one half-penny upwards.

It is difficult to say, what struck me most forcibly on landing at New York; barring the universality of the Saxon tongue I should have been puzzled to decide in what part of the world I was. The forest of masts, and bustle on the quays, reminded me of the great sea-port of Liverpool, but most everything else that met the eye was novel and strange. Seating myself in an Omnibus I soon reached the Metropolitan Hotel, which is situated in Broadway, and the reader may perhaps imagine with what pleasure I thus made my first entrance into an American Hotel.

I could hardly fancy myself in "*propria persona*" (as they say in the classics) in the City of New York, with three thousand miles of ocean intervening between myself and my friends at home; I had often thought that I should be delighted to see that go-ahead American City, but I had not an idea that my wishes would so soon be realised. I was not entirely by myself whilst in New York, for one of my fellow passengers, Mr Mc'Lean of Manchester, staid with me at my Hotel, so we had the pleasure of each other's society during my stay.

There is comparatively little difficulty in finding your way about New York, or, indeed most American towns, except in the old parts thereof, which are as full of twists and turns as our own. The newer part

of the City is divided into Avenues running nearly parallel with the Hudson River, the streets cross them at right angles, and both are simply numbered; the masses of buildings which these sections form are very nearly uniform in area, and are termed blocks.

The principal thoroughfare is "Broadway", which may be said to bisect New York longitudinally, it is nearly three miles in length, but the width is not so great as I had imagined. The great place for lounging, or "loafing", as they term it—is Broadway and here on a fine afternoon you will see some of the neatest feet, some of the prettiest hands, and some of the brightest eyes, and also some of the sweetest smiles that any one would ever wish to behold; had they but good figures, the picture would be complete; they dress with Parisian perfection, and in short they are considered the veriest little ducks in the world. I am sure the reader will not be surprised when I mention the fact, that "loafing" up and down Broadway is a favourite occupation with the young men who have leisure hours to spare.

No one could be at a loss in being able to find an Hotel to his fancy in New York, they are most numerous, and they are all carried out in a manner perfectly new to an Englishman. I purpose leaving my remarks on the Hotels until I have finished the subject of my tour.

Amongst the public edifices of the City, the City Hall, the Custom House, and the Merchants Exchange rank the foremost; the Post Office is in no way

remarkable for architectural beauty, but merely as being one of the remnants of the past, having been formerly used as a Church by one of the old Dutch congregations: it was in the Custom House that General Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States.

The most fashionable part of New York is the "Fifth Avenue", in which are situated some of the finest private mansions in the City; these houses are for the most part very elegant, and they command very high rents, £300 to £400 per Annum being moderate, and this without any garden, the ground being so high in value that it is a rare thing to see a garden attached. One of the greatest public works of the City is the Croton Aqueduct, by which New York is abundantly supplied with water, brought from the Croton Lake, forty miles distant. During my stay in the City I visited a new Park which was in course of formation, it is several hundred acres in extent; when finished it will be a delightful retreat.

The shops in New York are very good, but, generally speaking, so much alike, that the eye is wearied with sameness, when the novelty has worn off; the rivalry which exists as to the "luxe" of fitting up some of these shops is surprising. The houses are mostly built of brick, and generally have steps up to them, by which arrangement the area receives much more light. Many of the shops have steps down to the basement, which is let out for dining Saloons &c: the better class of houses, large

Hotels, and some of the shops, have their fronts faced with stone of a reddish brown which has a pleasant appearance.

The most remarkable among the new buildings is the magnificent Store of Mr Stewart, it has upwards of one hundred and fifty feet frontage on Broadway, and runs back nearly the same distance; is five stories high, besides the basement; its front is faced with white marble, and it contains nearly every marketable commodity except eatables. Amid the variety of shops I could not fail to notice the wonderful number of oyster-saloons stuck down on the basement, and photographic rooms perched on the top floors; their name is legion; everybody eats oysters, and everybody seems to take everybody else's portrait.

Our American friends deal largely in newspaper puffs, and some of them are amusing enough.

I heard that the most gigantic advertiser is Professor Holloway, so well known in this country; it is said that he advertises in thirteen hundred papers in the United States, and has expended in various parts of the world, the enormous sum of nearly half a million sterling, solely for that purpose.

I must now say a few words respecting the state of the streets; the paving, except in Broadway, is not equal to that in the City of London, and doubtless New York is infinitely dirtier than London; I must certainly say it is not so clean as it should be, considering that the sum nominally spent in cleansing the streets, amounts to nearly £60,000 a year.

But over and above what I have just stated, there is a great nuisance in the streets of New York, especially in the lower and business part of the City, which must be palpable to every visitor; — I refer to the obstructions on the pavement and that, be it observed, in spite of laws passed for the prevention thereof, but rendered nugatory from maladministration. In many places you will see a man occupying the whole pavement opposite his Store with immense boxes and bales for apparently an indefinite period, for I have noticed the same things resting in the same places day after day, and forcing every passer-by off the pavement.

During my stay in New York, I visited the Opera House, where I was fortunate enough in seeing that charming little actress Piccolomini, in "La Favorita", the House is a very fine building, and is capable of accommodating over four thousand persons; evening dress is not compulsory. I also visited most of the theatres, the interior arrangements of which are much superior to what one meets with in our London Houses; all the decorations are also very elaborate, there is a clear gangway of several feet in the centre of the Pit which arrangement gives easy access to the seats; these latter are lined and also backed with red velvet, and in fact, everywhere through the House, comfort is studied. The visitor to a theatre in New York is not obliged to buy a "bill of the play" but can take one or more if he pleases, free of charge when he enters; these programmes, in addition to

the usual details of the evening's entertainment, contain numerous advertisements, which plan I have no doubt the proprietors find pay very well.

An important feature in a populous City, is the means of conveyance, which in New York, in addition to hack cabs and omnibusses, includes what are termed horse-railroad cars. The habits of the Americans being essentially gregarious, and business teaching the truism, that a cent saved is a cent gained, hackney coaches are comparatively little used by the men; for be it remembered, that idlers in that country are an invisible minority of the community! The natural consequence is, that these coaches are clean and expensive, a stranger certainly might take them to be private carriages, so well are they kept. The drivers are very free and easy, but not meaning to be uncivil. Their free-and-easiness can never be better exemplified than in an old anecdote, told of so many people, from an ex-prince of France, downward; viz, the prince having ordered a hack cab, was standing at the door of the Hotel, smoking his cigar, and waiting for its arrival. When cabby drove up, judging from the appearance of the prince that he was "the fare", he said, "Are you the chap that sent for a cab?" And being answered with an affirmative smile, he said, "Well, get in; I guess I'm the gentleman that's to drive you."

The next means of conveyance to be noticed, is the Omnibus; they are certainly superior to our English ones, simply because they are broader: the most

rotund embodiment of an Alderman after a turtle-soup dinner, even if he had—to use the emphatic language of Mr Weller—been “swellin’ wisibly”, could pass up the centre without inconvenience to the passengers on either side. No conductors are employed on these omnibusses, which doubtless effects a very great saving; the door shuts by a strap running along the roof, with a noose on the end, which the driver puts on his foot. Any one wishing to alight, pulls the strap; the driver stops; and, putting his hand through a pigeon-hole place in the roof, takes the fare. There is only one complaint against the omnibusses—and that is, their monopoly of Broadway, which would really have a very fine and imposing appearance were it not for them; the constant noise also is deafening.

The last means of conveyance to be mentioned are the horse-railroad cars, which—the city being built on a perfect flat—are admirably adapted for locomotion. The rails are laid down in a broad Avenue, on each side of Broadway, and in various other parts of the city; the cars are drawn by a pair of horses, and they will hold from five and twenty to thirty passengers; these cars may be called long omnibusses, low on the wheels, very broad, airy, and clean, and excessively convenient for getting in and out.

There is a break at both ends, one under the charge of the driver, the other under the guard; so that, though trotting along at a good pace, they are very soon stopped. When they arrive at the end of the

tram-way, the horses change ends, thus avoiding the necessity of any turning, the space required for which would have made a great difference in the expense. For a busy, bustling city, on a flat, the horse-railroad car is unquestionably by far the best conveyance, on account of carrying so many, and being so handy for ingress and egress. Whilst speaking of the cars, I ought to mention that I was rather surprised to find a notice affixed on some of them to the effect that, "Coloured people are allowed to ride in this Car"; they are not permitted to enter a car unless it bears the said notice.

One morning accompanied by Captain Tinker, I visited the United States Navy Yard, which is situated across the East River at Brooklyn; this latter place is mostly inhabited by business people from New York, who have constant access to and fro by means of numerous ferries across the East River.

Before I close my account of New York, I must not omit to mention the great kindness I met with from several gentlemen, to whom I had letters of introduction from friends in London; more especially from Captain Tinker, and Mr Murray; the former gentleman very kindly invited me to meet several of his friends, in whose company I spent a pleasant evening. Mr Murray was also most kind in entertaining me at his Club house, and giving me useful information respecting the Giant Republic through which I was about to travel.

Well, reader, I must now tell you, that after a

delightful stay of a week in New York, I left that bustling city for Philadelphia, where I arrived on the evening of

May 18th. Philadelphia is in extent and population, the second city in the Union. It was settled in 1682 by a colony of English Quakers, under the guidance of William Penn. The soubriquet of the City of Brotherly Love, which it now bears, was given to it by Penn himself. This city lies between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, six miles above their junction; the site however is so low and level, that it does not make a very impressive appearance from any approach. But the elegance, symmetry, and neatness of its streets, and the picturesque character of the higher suburban land to the northward, fully compensate for this want. The streets of Philadelphia, which run north and south from the Schuylkill to the Delaware, are named after the trees, a row whereof grow on each side; but whether from a poetic spirit, or to aid the memory, some of the names are changed, that the following couplet, embracing the eight principal ones, may form a handy guide to the stranger or the resident:—

“Chestnut, walnut, spruce, and pine,
Market, arch, race, and vine.”

Mulberry, sassafras, and juniper, would have dished the poetry.

The cross streets are all called by numbers; thus any domicile is easily found. The traverse street is an exception however, being called “Broad”; it looks

its name well, and extends from the city into the country. The chief of the public buildings is the State House, in which is a room where on the 4th. July 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, and publicly proclaimed from the steps on the same day. On viewing that room I was told that it now presents the same appearance as regards furniture, and interior decorations, as it did on that eventful day. Another public building is the Girard College, a magnificent edifice, founded by one Stephen Girard some years since for the education of orphans.

The United States Mint is situated in Philadelphia, and there is also a Navy Yard. Many of the bank edifices are very elegant, built of marble and other materials. Churches, Art Societies, and Literary and Scientific Institutions abound in Philadelphia. This city, like many others in America, is liberally supplied with water. Magnificent basins are built in a natural mound at Fairmount, about two miles distant; the water is forced up into these basins from the river by powerful water-wheels, worked by the said river, which is dammed up for the purpose of obtaining sufficient fall, as the stream is sometimes very low.

May 20th. To day I left Philadelphia for the great commercial city of Baltimore. One of the chief attractions in this city, is a very splendid Monument erected to the memory of Washington; it is built of pure white marble, is 196 feet in height inclusive.

of the basement, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of the "pater patriæ"; it is said to be the chief among the structures of the kind. In several respects Baltimore deserves the name of a fine city. It possesses many elegant public buildings; its streets are wide, long, and full of life and activity. The people in this city who enjoy the widest—if not the most enviable—reputation, are the fire companies. They are all volunteers, and their engines are admirable. I heard they are all as jealous of each other as "Kilkenny Cats", and when they come together, they scarcely ever lose an opportunity of getting up a fight. They are even accused of doing occasionally a little bit of arson, so as to get the chance of a row. The people composing the companies are almost entirely rowdies, and apparently of any age above sixteen: when extinguishing fires, they exhibit a courage and reckless daring that cannot be surpassed, and they are never so happy as when the excitement of danger is at its highest. Their numbers are so great, that they materially affect the elections of all candidates for city affairs; the style of persons chosen may hence be easily guessed.

May 21st. To day I journeyed on by rail to Washington, the political capital of the United States. The principal object of attraction is the Capitol, which stands on a rising knoll, commanding an extensive panoramic view of the surrounding country. The building is on a grand scale, and faced with marble, which, glittering in the sunbeams, gives it

a very imposing appearance, which will be materially enhanced when the two wings are completed, the corner stone of which was laid in 1851. The Senate Chamber, and the Hall of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, are in the wings of the Capitol, on either side of the central building.

The grand rotunda contains eight large pictures, illustrating scenes in American history, painted for the Government by native artists. The corner stone of this splendid structure was laid by Washington himself, Sept: 18th. 1793. The surrounding grounds, which are beautifully cultivated, and embellished by fountains and statuary, embrace from twenty five to thirty acres. The Presidents' Mansion is situated on a high terrace at the other extremity of the city, near which are the buildings of the Navy and War Departments, and also those of the State and Treasury Departments, the latter is a new and very imposing structure.

May 22nd. I attended Church this morning, and during the afternoon I enjoyed some strolls about the neighbourhood.

May 23rd. The Capitol took much of my attention to day, and I was delighted with all that I had the chance of seeing. Washington is delightfully situated on the banks of the Potomac River; the site of the city was chosen by Washington himself. The principal street is Pennsylvania Avenue, it is more than a mile in length, is very broad, and well planted with trees.

May 24th. I waited in this city till to day, in order to avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the "Tomb of General Washington"; as on every Tuesday and Friday a Steamer leaves for making an excursion to the spot. The Tomb is situated on Mount Vernon, which lies on the banks of the Potomac River, about sixteen miles from the city of Washington. A little distance from the Tomb is the mansion where the "hero" retired to in 1796, and he died there on the 14th. December 1799. The mansion although in a dilapidated condition, is beautifully located on elevated ground, overlooking the still waters of the Potomac.

No spot in America is visited with greater interest or with feelings of more profound reverence than Mount Vernon; and no day is held more sacred in the calendar of the Republic than the day (22nd. February) which gave birth to the "Father of his Country". I was very glad I remained to make this excursion which I thoroughly enjoyed. I returned to Washington to dinner by 4 o'clock, after which I took the rail back to Baltimore.

May 25th. To day I commenced making my way to "The West", taking a through ticket from Baltimore to Cincinnati, a distance of six hundred and sixty miles. I left the former city early this morning, and about mid-day alighted for the night at Harpers Ferry. As this great route is in extent, commercial importance, and pictorial attraction, one of the most important and interesting in the States,

I purpose giving a few details as regards the scenery &c, which most attracted my notice.

Harpers Ferry is most beautifully situated in the midst of romantic scenery. During the afternoon I enjoyed some most agreeable rambles in the vicinity of this delightful spot. There is a gun factory &c situated at this place, belonging to the government, which gives employment to several hundred people. This evening I was greatly amused by listening from the front rooms of the Hotel at an open air meeting, which took place in order to give two candidates (for the State of Ohio) an opportunity of expressing their opinions.

May 26th. This morning I took the mid-day train for Grafton, arriving there by 10 o'clock in the evening; a very good Hotel situated at the Station, enabled me to refresh the inward man, and then to enjoy a few hours sleep. The reason of my staying the night at Harpers Ferry was to enable me to view the scenery on this great route in daylight, and I was not dissatisfied by so doing. The whole course of the railway is through a region of the highest picturesque variety and beauty, and the greater part is very mountainous. From a place called Piedmont the line makes an ascent of seventeen miles by a grade, of which eleven miles is at the rate of 116 feet per mile. The frequent curves which occur on the line present to view some magnificent prospects; a portion of the way is on the rugged and uncultivated mountain sides, and it was many times thrilling to one's senses, to

be as it seemed in such dangerous positions; if the least thing had gone wrong, nothing could have prevented the train from being precipitated several hundred feet into the valley beneath.

May 27th. This morning I was up betimes, leaving Grafton soon after 4 o'clock by the express train for Cincinnati. The scenery during the most of to day's journey was also very beautiful. At a place called Benwood I first had sight of the famed Ohio River, which was crossed by a Ferry and the rail again taken on the other side. After a very pleasant journey I reached Cincinnati at 8 o'clock this evening. I was very glad in being able to obtain a "good snooze" in the Burnet House Hotel, after having had such a length of railway travelling.

May 28th. And now reader, I must give you some account of Cincinnati, or, as it is generally called, the "Queen City of the West". It is the largest capital of the Mississippi region, and with its population of over 200,000, is the fifth in extent and importance in all the Union. Its central position on the Ohio River has made it a receiving and distributing depot for all the wide and rich country tributary to those great waters.

The streets in this great city are mostly of good width, well paved, and well lighted with gas. Main street, the great business highway, is five and a half miles long, and is intersected at right angles by fourteen leading streets, named First, Second, and so on. Amongst the principal buildings is the Observatory,

which has a beautiful position upon Mount Adams, in the eastern part of the city. It commands an extensive view of the Ohio, and of the surrounding country. There are a great number of Churches, and Schools in the city, and also several Benevolent Institutions.

Cincinnati is distinguished for the culture of the grape, and it is chiefly owing to the perseverance of Mr. Longworth, that they have been so far successful in producing wine. I learnt that about fifty thousand gallons is made per year. The wine is called "Catawba", and is made both still and sparkling. The following lines will show the reader, how this "Catawba Wine" has been poetized by Longfellow. —

"Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba Wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

"There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquiver,
Nor on Island or Cape,
That bears such a Grape
As grows by the beautiful river."

Cincinnati is also noted for its pig trade, from which the city obtains the soubriquet of "Porkopolis".

The following account is from a gentleman, who visited one of the slaughter houses, possibly it may be curious enough to be read by some, but if your nerves are at all delicate, pass the description over, for, though perfectly true, it is very horrid. He says, —

“Poor piggy must die” is a very old saying, whence it came I cannot tell; but were it not for its great antiquity, Cincinnati might claim the honour.

The post of slaughter is at the outskirts of the town, and as you approach it, the squeaking of endless droves proceeding to their doom fills the air, and in wet weather the muck they make is beyond description, as the roads and streets are carelessly made, and as carelessly left to fate. When we were within a couple of hundred yards of the slaughter house, they were absolutely knee-deep, and, there being no trottoir, we were compelled to wait till an empty cart came by, when, for a small consideration, Jonathan ferried us through the mud pond. Behind the house is the large pen in which the pigs are first gathered, and hence they are driven up an inclined plane into a small partition about twelve feet square, capable of containing from ten to fifteen pigs at once. In this enclosure stands the executioner, armed with a hammer, —something in shapelike that used to break stones for the roads in England— his shirt-sleeves turned up, so that nothing may impede the use of his brawny arms. The time arrived, down comes the hammer with deadly accuracy on the forehead of

poor piggy, generally killing but sometimes only stunning him, in which case, as he awakes to consciousness in the scalding caldron, his struggles are frightful to look at, but happily very short. A trap-hatch opens at the side of this enclosure, through which the corpses are thrust into the sticking-room, whence the blood flows into tanks beneath, to be sold, together with the hoofs and hair, to the manufacturers of prussiate of potash and Prussian blue. Thence they are pushed down an inclined plane into a trough containing a thousand gallons of boiling water, and broad enough to take in piggy lengthways. By the time they have passed down this caldron, they are ready for scraping, for which purpose a large table is joined on to the lower end of the caldron, and on which they are artistically thrown. Five men stand in a row on each side of the table, armed with scrapers, and, as piggy passes down, he gets scraped cleaner and cleaner, till the last polishes him as smooth as a yearling baby. Having thus reached the lower end of the table, there are a quantity of hooks fitted to strong wooden arms, which revolve round a stout pillar, and which, in describing the circle, plumb the lower end of the table. On these piggy is hooked, and the operation of cutting open and cleansing is performed—at the rate of three a minute—by operators steeped in blood, and standing in an ocean of the same, despite the eternal buckets of water with which a host of boys keep deluging the floor. These said operations finished, piggy is hung up on hooks to cool,

and, when sufficiently so, he is removed thence to the other end of the building, ready for sending to the preparing-houses, whither he and his defunct brethren are conveyed in carts open at the side, and containing about thirty pigs each. The whole of this part of the town during porking season is alive with these carts, and we will now follow one, so that we may see how piggy is finally disposed of. The cart ascends the hill till it comes to a line of buildings with the canal running at the back thereof; a huge and solid block lies ready for the corpse, and at each side appear a pair of brawny arms grasping a long cleaver niadescimitar-shape; smallertablesarearound, and artists with sharp knives attend thereat. Piggy is brought in from the cart, and laid on the solid block; one blow of the scimitar-shaped cleaver severs his head, which is thrown aside and sold in the city, chiefly I believe, to Germans, though of course a Hebrew might purchase if he had a fancy therefor. The head off, two blows sever him lengthways; the hams, the shoulders, and the rib-pieces fly off at a blow each; it has been stated that "two hands, in less than thirteen hours, cut up eight hundred and fifty hogs, averaging over two hundred pounds each, two others placing them on the blocks for the purpose. All these hogs were weighed singly on the scales, in the course of eleven hours. Another hand trimmed the hams—seventeen hundred pieces—as fast as they were separated from the carcasses. The hogs were thus cut up and disposed of at the rate of more than

one to the minute." Knifemen then come into play, cutting out the inner fat, and trimming the hams neatly, to send across the way for careful curing; the other parts are put into the pickle-barrels, except the fat, which, after carefully removing all the small pieces of meat that the first hasty cutting may have left, is thrown into a boiling caldron to be melted down into lard. Barring the time taken up in the transit from the slaughter-house to these cutting-up stores, and the time he hangs to cool, it may be safely asserted, that from the moment piggy gets his first blow till his carcass is curing and his fat boiling into lard, not more than five minutes elapse.

A table of piggy statistics for one year may not be uninteresting to the reader.

180,000 bls. of Pork of 196 lbs ea.—		35,280,000
Bacon	—————	25,000,000
No. 1 Lard	—————	16,500,000
Star Candles	—————	2,500,000
Bar Soap	—————	6,200,000
Fancy Soap &c	—————	8,800,000
		<u>94,280,000 lbs.</u>

Besides Lard Oil 1,200,000 Gallons.

Some idea of the activity exhibited may be formed, when the reader is told that the season for these labours averages only ten weeks, beginning with the second week in November and closing in January; and that the annual number cured at Cincinnati is about 500,000 head, and the value of these animals when cured, was estimated in 1851 as £1,155,000.

Such are the facts which I place before the reader to give him some idea of the extent of the pig trade in Cincinnati. There are various other branches of trade which flourish in the neighbourhood of this great city, two I will mention; the first is "Monongahela whiskey", which is a most important article of manufacture, being produced annually to the value of £560,000: the second is the value of foundry products which is estimated at £725,000 annually, there being forty four foundries, one-third of which are employed in the stove trade; as many as a thousand stoves have been made in one day. The rapid rise of Cincinnati is most astonishing. By a statistical work I find that in 1800 it numbered only 750 inhabitants; in 1840, 46,338 and in 1850, 115,438: these calculations merely include its corporate limits. If the suburbs be added, the population will reach 150,000: of which number only about 3000 are coloured.

May 29th. To day being Sunday, it gave me an opportunity of resting from the fatigues of travelling. I attended Church in the morning, then took a stroll and returned to dinner at 3 o'clock. I had a very pleasant walk in the evening.

May 30th. At mid-day I left Cincinnati by a Steamer on the Ohio River for Louisville, a distance of 133 miles. The place you embark from is called the levee, and as all the large towns on the river have a levee, I may as well explain the meaning of the term. It is nothing more nor less than the sloping

off of the banks of a river, and then paving them, by which operation two objects are gained: — first, the banks are secured from the inroads of the stream; secondly, the boats are thereby enabled at all times to land passengers and cargo with perfect facility.

These levees extend the whole length of the town, and are lined with steamers of all kinds and classes, but all built on a similar plan; the number of them at Cincinnati gives some indication of the commercial activity of that great city.

I embarked on the “Lady Franklin”, and was soon floating down the river of the O—hi—o. The banks are undulating, and prettily interspersed with cottage villas, which are dotted about the more cultivated parts. In consequence of the lowness of the river, we were prevented making that quick progress which we otherwise should have done, several times getting on to sand-bars, thereby causing detention. The weather towards night became stormy, heavy rain with lightning. I fortunately had the opportunity on the steamer of making the acquaintance of a gentleman, (accompanied by a friend) Mr Crowell of Boston, from whom I received much attention when I visited that city. As Mr Crowell and his friend purposed making a similar tour to myself through Kentucky, I with much pleasure joined them in that route. Finding that we should not reach our destination this evening in consequence of great detention, I “turned in” to my berth and enjoyed a few hours rest. I purpose leaving my description of the steamer

till I have seen more of them.

May 31st. Early this morning the steamer arrived at Louisville, and by 6 o'clock we were safely lodged in the "Louisville Hotel".

Louisville has a population of about 60,000, and is the chief city of Kentucky. While in this city I had the pleasure of receiving the first letter from home, which was forwarded to me from New York. If the reader has himself been a similar distance from home, he can tell with what feelings of delight any news is received from those so far distant from him.

June 1st. Before leaving Louisville, Mr Crowell, his friend, and I determined upon visiting "The Mammoth Cave", —the would-be rival of Niagara; —so, early this morning we took the rail to Mumfordsville, a distance of seventy four miles, thence we proceeded by Stage to Bell's Hotel, about fourteen miles, where we dined. After dinner we again travelled by Stage a distance of nine miles to the Cave Hotel, which is situated within two hundred feet of the entrance to the Cave.

In the latter portion of this route which lies through an extensive forest, I may really say there is no road. For at least one half of the way, there is nothing but a rugged tract of rock and roots of trees, ever threatening the springs of the carriage and the limbs of the passengers with frightful fractures. However, by walking over the worst of it, you protect the latter and save the former, thus rendering accidents of rare occurrence. It was 8 o'clock in the evening before we

arrived at the Cave Hotel, and assuredly I was not sorry when I reached there, as the journey had been very fatiguing. The weather to day was magnificent, exceedingly hot; the latter feature was well understood by myself and the other passengers who had seats on the outside of the Stage. However, on the other hand, the time passed very quickly and very pleasantly, for there were about eight other visitors besides ourselves who intended visiting the Cave, and amongst them was a young man who had "roughed it" in California, and travelled otherwise a great deal; he was certainly the life of the party, for he had a plentiful supply of anecdotes and jokes, which kept all of us in capital spirits the whole of the journey.

The position of the Cave Hotel is lovely, surrounded by the wild forest scenery, and in the midst of air of the purest quality. The building is rather a straggling one, chiefly ground floor, with a verandah all round, but nevertheless every comfort is at the service of the visitor. The evening was most delightful, and after having enjoyed the repast prepared for us after our arrival, I with several of my fellow passengers enjoyed a stroll about the garden grounds attached to the Hotel.

Amongst the visitors was a Brahmin, Mr Gangooly of Calcutta, accompanied by a few friends, who were making a tour through the States, he afterwards intended visiting London, and also Paris. On hearing that an Englishman was one of the company present, Mr Gangooly desired to be introduced to me; we then

had a long chat respecting the mutinies which had taken place in India; I found him to be a very pleasant and agreeable young man and much enjoyed his society.

June 2nd. This morning all the visitors were early risers, and by half past 7 o'clock breakfast was finished. At 8 o'clock all assembled and put themselves under the care of Nicholas the guide, who was to conduct us through the far famed "Mammoth Cave". We formed a party of fifteen, and amongst the number were three ladies; a few smiles were occasioned when the ladies made their appearance, for they came forth in the peculiar costume of the "Bloomer"; this dress is always provided by the Hotel Proprietor in order to allow ladies to visit the Cave in comfort, for it would be impossible for them to enter in their ordinary dress, in consequence of the difficulty they would have in making their way through the numberless intricate passages.

And now the reader must fancy himself one of the fifteen, with a little oil lamp in his hand, accompanying Nicholas, who also is provided with a lamp and a further supply of the "oily material", in case of any of the lamps requiring a "replenisher".

After having passed through a lovely and romantic dell, you make a descent of about thirty feet, and then you perceive a sudden and very evident decrease in the temperature, and you find yourself all at once fairly within the precincts of this nether world. The temperature of the Cave is uniformly the same, both

in summer and winter, viz 59 deg. Fahrenheit, remarkably dry, and of extraordinary salubrity, and hence considered highly beneficial for invalids.

A short distance from the entrance you pass the remains of numerous Saltpetre Vats, as in 1814 immense quantities of Saltpetre were manufactured in the Cave, and although the manufacture has been stopped some long time, yet the quantity of nitrous earth still remaining is enormous.

The first object of interest is the "Great Vestibule", this vast chamber has one single unsupported arch, covering an area of one and a half acres of ground. The lofty roof, a hundred feet above your head, becomes at length dimly seen; a glimpse is obtained of its enormous dome, with great groined arches and lofty buttresses formed of stalactitic rock. A little further on we come to "Audubon's Avenue", which extends for about half a mile, but presents nothing of very special interest; we then pass through the main Cave for another half mile, when we reach the "Kentucky Cliffs", so called from a fancied resemblance to the Cliffs on the Kentucky River: then making a descent of about forty feet, we enter the "Church". This is a grand apartment, a hundred feet in diameter, with a roof formed of one solid seamless rock suspended seventy feet overhead. Religious services have been performed in the dim religious light of torches, under this magnificent roof.

The "Gothic Avenue" is next reached, it is forty feet high and thirty wide, and is nearly two miles

in length.

The next object of interest is a huge mass of rock, called the "Giant's Coffin", to which it bears such a striking resemblance that anyone would remark it at first sight. We pass around this in leaving the main passage to visit the rivers, and all the other wonders of this Cave. The passage here is eighty feet high, and a hundred feet wide; on the rock overhead is seen a remarkable natural curiosity, being a perfect representation of an animal, formed of a black incrustation of gypsum, which is abundant here, and in other parts also. We now pass several small cabins which had been constructed of rock for the reception of consumptive invalids, it having at one time been supposed that the pure and equable atmosphere of this locality would be highly beneficial to such. It has, accordingly, at various times, been the abode of numerous patients, some of whom have spent seven months and even longer in this extraordinary place.

After passing through variously formed passages &c, we reach "Humble Schute", being so called in consequence of the visitor being obliged to humble himself by bowing his body in order to effect an entrance through this narrow passage of some twenty feet in length.

Next follows what is called the "Fat Man's Misery", being a passage of over a hundred feet in length, eighteen inches wide, and from three to five feet high, widening, however above, so as to allow for the free use of the arms. In addition to the extremely

contracted space through which the body requires to be forced, the passage winds in a zig-zag manner throughout its whole length. A thin man can make pretty good progress here, but one that is corpulent has but a poor chance, and so it unfortunately proved in this present visit. One of the gentlemen of our party was rather a "rotund character"; we had nearly completed our journey in Indian file as usual, through this tortuous passage, when our fat friend, who was puffing and blowing and labouring on behind, suddenly called out, "halt there a-head, I'm stuck as tight as a wedge!" and, sure enough, there he was, jammed hard and fast between the walls, the guide administering cold comfort by the assurance that he would find much more difficulty in getting back again. By a violent muscular effort, he succeeded in forcing his body through, but not without seriously damaging his unmentionables. The whole of our party then emerged into what is appropriately named "Great Relief Hall", and our corpulent friend enjoyed the luxury of expanding his rotund person to its legitimate dimensions—a privilege which he gratefully acknowledged. Leaving Great Relief Hall, and walking about half a mile, we arrive at "River Hall". This Hall descends like the slope of a mountain; the roof stretches away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at mid-night. Gradually ascending, and keeping close to the wall, you next observe on the opposite side a steep precipice, over which you look down, by the aid of the lights, upon a broad black

sheet of water, eighty feet below you, called the "Dead Sea". This is an awfully impressive place; the sights and sounds of which do not soon pass from the memory. Descending from the eminence by a ladder twenty feet in length, we found ourselves among piles of gigantic rocks; it was certainly a most picturesque sight to see us all passing along these wild and craggy paths in single file, at times disappearing behind high cliffs, sinking into ravines, and the lights shining upwards through the fissures in the rocks. Passing further along you hear the roar of invisible waterfalls; and at the foot of the slope, the river "Styx" lies before you, deep and black, overarched with rock. Across these unearthly looking waters we were conveyed in a boat by the guide, soon reaching a level and lofty hall, at the end of which we arrived at the banks of "Echo River".

To embark on this most interesting and marvellous of all the rivers in the Cave, the visitor is compelled to pass under an arch, which, at an ordinary stage of the water, allows him but about three feet of space. This is rather uncomfortable to most people, but the difficulty soon disappears, inasmuch as in a few boats' lengths, the vault becomes wide and lofty.

I am sure no one can voyage on this river without experiencing most peculiar feelings. The deep solemnity, the novelty, the grandeur of the scene, presented under the glare of numerous lights, cannot fail powerfully to impress the most stolid and unromantic mind. A whisper here, so astonishing is the echo,

is magnified into a loud, hissing sound; and when a few of our party gave a good halloo, it was perfectly deafening; the river is three quarters of a mile in length, and about twenty five feet in width. After the prevalence of long and heavy rains, it is said sometimes to rise to a perpendicular height of more than fifty feet. At such times it is impossible to navigate it. The low arch at the entrance cannot be passed when the water is even a few feet above the ordinary level; and cases have been known where parties have been obliged to stay for hours in consequence of the water rising rapidly. In these waters the celebrated "Eyeless Fish" is found; a curiosity peculiar to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It is a small fish, some three or four inches in length, of a white, or rather pale colour, some specimens being almost semi-transparent.

Leaving Echo River, the visitor has a journey to perform of about four miles to reach the end of the Cave. Traversing "Silliman's Avenue" and other parts of the Cave of less general interest you reach the "Rocky Mountains". Here a great contrast to the scenes hitherto passed is presented. You are compelled to clamber up the rough sides of enormous masses of rock for the distance of thirty or forty feet. You then emerge into a great cave, the roof of which is above a hundred feet in height; and a huge pile, consisting of large masses of rock, is seen completely crowding the cavern on one side. It is supposed these masses were detached by a great earthquake

which occurred in this vicinity in 1811.

It would I am sure be tiring the reader to recount further the numberless interesting parts of this Cave, suffice it to say, that at almost every step there is something to stop and admire, stalactites most numerous and magnificent in appearance. The length of this wonderful Cave is nine miles, so the reader may perhaps be partly able to conceive the energy that is required to effect this novel undertaking. However, the air being so extremely pure, fatigue is not felt to such an extent as might be imagined. At various times we were enabled to refresh ourselves with capital spring water; and in the middle of the day we formed a most picturesque group in a large vestibule of the Cave, and enjoyed some of the "good things of this world" which our guide had taken in with him. Well, after having made a successful tour through the Cave, we retraced our steps, and reached the entrance in safety by 6 o'clock in the evening; after having made a most agreeable and interesting visit to the most wonderful natural curiosity that I have ever seen. Our guide Nicholas was a very facetious fellow, and he every now and then amused us all by his laconic anecdotes. The weather this evening was lovely.

June 3rd. In yesterday's route through the Cave we omitted making one detour to visit the "Star Chamber", and the "Gothic Chapel"; so Mr Crowell, his friend, and I, accompanied by Mr Gangooly and our facetious guide Nicholas, spent three hours this

morning in viewing these further objects of interest. When we had put ourselves into a good position in the Star Chamber, the guide took all the lights and retired some distance behind a ledge of rocks, and then one of the most magnificent sights was presented to our view. The walls and roof of this Chamber are thickly covered with elegant crystals of transparent gypsum; the high dome is encrusted with a vast number of these, which presents to the gaze of the visitor the appearance of the firmament, studded with innumerable stars; and certainly, the longer we contemplated this scene, the more powerful the illusion became.

The Gothic Chapel is also a splendid portion of the Cave, rivaling the highest art, in the strength, beauty, and proportions of its grand columns, and its exquisite ornamentation. By 11 o'clock we had finished our explorations, and thus ended my visit to the wonderful "Mammoth Cave" of Kentucky.

At 12 o'clock Mr Crowell, his friend, and I took a conveyance to Bell's Hotel, in order that we should there take our places on the Stage for Nashville, a distance of seventy five miles. We had just time enough at Bells' to enjoy dinner, and at 4 o'clock we were comfortably housed on the outside of the Stage en route for Nashville. The weather fortunately was very fine, which permitted us to enjoy the beauty of the scenery through which we passed. On our way we noticed several large plantations, on which were numerous slaves working; the sight of these

poor creatures caused one to reflect upon the sad position in which they were placed in this life, and I could hardly realise the fact that these men, women, and children had been "bought" by their various owners. It is a good opportunity here of telling the reader that I made numerous enquiries respecting the condition generally of the slaves in the various Southern States. I am very pleased in being able to say that I was assured by several parties, that there is not that extent of tyranny and brutal treatment exercised towards the slaves as many persons believe. There may be unfortunately some places in which such extreme harshness is resorted to, but these cases are exceptions. If the reader will only reflect a little on this subject, I think he will come to the conclusion that it is altogether to the interest of the Slaveholder to take care of, and keep in good condition, such poor creatures as he may select for the various duties on his plantations.

The State of Kentucky, through part of which I was now travelling, is famous for the growth of Indian Corn; the best time of year to see it is about September, when it reaches a height of six to seven feet, and it then presents a beautiful appearance.

About 7 o'clock in the evening we stopped at a village where we refreshed ourselves with supper, after which we continued our journey on the Stage. The reader may imagine that being seated outside, rather prevented me from obtaining that amount of "sweet somnus" which could have been desired. However,

during the night I managed at intervals to obtain some sundry "forty winks", although several times be it said, the said winks nearly caused me to lose my balance and my seat.

June 4th. By 6 o'clock this morning we arrived at a roadside "log Cabin". In this peculiar place of abode breakfast was served, and we were certainly received in the most humble and unostentatious manner, the like of which I had never before witnessed. After having satisfied our wants in a way which the abode alone could offer, we again set off on our old friend the Stage: in a couple of hours however we changed our places for a more comfortable position in the Railroad Cars, and after a ride of eighteen miles we found ourselves at Nashville. Upon arriving, Mr Crowell, and I made the best of our way to an Hotel, but unfortunately the accommodation which was offered us was not suitable to our ideas of comfort, so we determined upon quitting the town as soon as possible. On making enquiries respecting our best route on to Cairo, we found there was every probability of the Cumberland River being lower in consequence of the dryness of the season, and the only chance we had was to take a steamer at 2 o'clock for Paducah, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles.

The route up the Cumberland River was agreeable, and the change was most pleasant after having had such a long journey on the Stage. The worst feature was the steamer itself, it was very small, drawing only a foot and a half of water, and it was in such

a bad condition that the prospect of some accident, either with the boiler or otherwise, was certainly not far distant. The "fare" on board was also far from being A.1. however, this drawback gave me the opportunity of seeing a little of the style of living in this part of the South. I managed to get a few hours rest during the night, which was quite as well, for it prevented me at the time of being aware of a detention of upwards of five hours, in consequence of a fog.

June 5th. To day we made very slow but happily safe progress in our queer craft. I certainly before this never spent a Sunday with such misgivings as to safety, and I think if my friends at home could have seen me in this Yankee boat, they would also have been of the same mind as myself. The scenery in some parts was very fine. The monotony of the day's proceedings was interrupted a few times by the steamer stopping at several places, to take in a fresh supply of wood for fuel.

June 6th. Early this morning (6 o'clock) the steamer reached Paducah, and Mr Crowell and I were very delighted at being safe and sound at the head of the Cumberland River. Fortunately about 8 o'clock the steamer arrived at Paducah en route for New Orleans, so we were enabled to proceed in her to Cairo, where we arrived in four hours after a delightful sail on the river Ohio. Cairo is situated on the southern bank of the Ohio, and the eastern of the Mississippi; its advantageous position has not been passed unnoticed.

It is said there can be no question that, geographically, it is "par excellence" the site for the largest inland town of America, situated as it is at the confluence of the two giant arteries; and not merely is its position so excellent, but immense quantities of coal are in its neighbourhood.

The difficulty which has to be contended against, is the inundation of these rivers. Former speculators built up levees, but from some cause they were inefficiently constructed; the Mississippi overflowed them and ruined the speculators. Latterly, however, another company has taken the task in hand, and having sufficient capital, it embraces the coal mines as well as the site, &c, of the new town, to which the coal will of course be brought by rail; thus they will be enabled to supply the steamers on both rivers at the cheapest rate, and considerably less than one third the price of wood. Not finding steamer accommodation at Cairo to proceed to St Louis, we remained at the former place till 8 o'clock in the evening, when we took the night train for the latter city.

June 7th. This morning we did not arrive at St Louis till 10 o'clock, and as we had not been able to obtain any refreshment, we enjoyed our breakfast on our arrival.

St Louis lies upon the right bank of the Mississippi river; it is twelve hundred miles above the city of New Orleans. As early as 1764 St Louis was settled as a trading station for the trappers of the West; four years after it passed from the French into the

hands of the Spaniards, who kept possession until it was transferred to the United States in 1804.

The rapid increase of St Louis is almost as extraordinary as that of Cincinnati, and perhaps more so, when it is considered, not only that it is further west by hundreds of miles, but that it has to contend with the overflowing of the Mississippi, which has, on more than one occasion, risen to the first floor of the houses and stores built on the edge of the levee; fortunately, the greater part of the town, being built on higher ground, escapes the ruinous periodical inundations. In 1830 the population was under seven thousand, since which date the city has so rapidly increased, that in 1852 its population was bordering on 100,000. The natives of the United States form about one-half of the community, and those of Germany one-fourth; the remainder are chiefly Irish. The public edifices of St Louis, in its municipal buildings, churches, market-houses, and charitable institutions, are certainly creditable to the enterprise of the people. There are about forty churches, one fourth of which are Roman Catholic, many of them are very imposing. There are numerous manufacturing establishments in the city, amongst which flour-mills, and sugar refineries rank the foremost.

June 8th. This morning I left St Louis en route for Springfield; Mr Crowell remained at the former place, so I had to continue my tour without having the pleasure of his society; I shall however have to speak of his kindness hereafter. I left the city by

steamer on the Mississippi river for Alton, about twenty five miles distant; three miles from the latter place the river Missouri unites with the Mississippi, and at this point the latter river is a mile and a half wide. For some distance the waters of these two great rivers may be seen each running its own course, the muddy Missouri not mixing with the Mississippi, which is comparatively clear. This latter river is one of the places assigned as the scene of a conversation between the philosopher and the boatman.

A philosopher having arrived at a ferry, entered a boat, rowed by one of those articles in this enlightened Republic—a man without any education.

Philosopher (loquitur).—Can you write?

Boatman.— I guess I can't.

Philosopher.— How sad! why, you've lost one-third of your life! Of course you can read?

Boatman.— Well, I guess I can't that neither.

Philosopher.— Good gracious me! why, you've lost two-thirds of your life.

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, the boatman discovered that, in listening to his learned passenger, he had neglected that vigilance which the danger of the river rendered indispensable. The stream was hurrying them into a most frightful snag; escape was hopeless; so the boatman opened the conversation with this startling question:—

Boatman.— Can you swim, sir?

Philosopher.— No, that I can't.

Boatman.— Then, I guess, you've lost all your life.

Ere the sentence was finished, the boat upset; the sturdy rower struggled manfully, and reached the shore in safety. On looking round, nought was to be seen of the philosopher save his hat, floating down to New Orleans. The boatman sat down on the bank, reflecting on the fate of the philosopher; and, as the beaver disappeared in the bend of the river, he rose up and gave vent to his reflections in the following terms:

“I guess that gentleman was never taught much of the useful; learning is a good thing in its place, but I guess swimming is the thing on the Mississippi, fix it how you will.”

As I have alluded to that “*rara avis*” in the United States, a totally uneducated man, I may as well give the following specimen of the production of another Western, whose studies were evidently in their infancy. It is a certificate of marriage, and runs thus:—

State of Illenois, Peoria County.

“To all the world greeting. Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myres is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, any where inside coperas precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry em good, and date em back to kivver accidents.

“O— M— R—

“Justice of the Peace.”

I think it will be as well in this place to give the reader a slight idea of the construction of the Western River Steamers. The rivers at many places and in many seasons being very low, these steamers are built

as light as possible; in fact I learnt that they are built as light as any company can be found to insure them. Above the natural load-line they flange out like the rim of a washing-basin, so as to give breadth for the superstructure; on the deck is placed the engine and the appurtenances, fuel, &c; whatever is not so occupied is for freight. This deck is open all round, and has pillars placed at convenient distances, about fifteen to twenty feet high, to support the cabin deck. The cabin deck is occupied in the centre by a saloon, extending nearly the whole length of the vessel, with sleeping cabins—two beds in each—opening off it on both sides.

The saloon is entered from forward; about one third of its length at the after-end is shut off by doors, forming the ladies' sanctum, which is provided with sofas, arm-chairs, piano, &c; about one fifth of the length at the foremost-end, but not separated in any way, is the smoking place, with the bar quite handy. The floor of this place may with propriety be termed the great expectorating deposit, owing to the inducements it offers for centralization, though, of course, no creek or cranny of the vessel is free from this American tobacco-tax—if I may presume so to dignify and designate it.

Having thus taken off one third and one fifth, the remaining portion is the "gentlemen's share"—how many 'eenths it may be, I leave to fractional calculators. The cabins are about six feet by seven, the same height as the saloon, and lit by a door on the

outside part, the upper portion of which is glass, protected, if required, by folding jalousies, intended chiefly for summer use. Outside these cabins a gallery runs round, covered at the top, and about four feet broad, and with entries to the main cabin on each side. The box which covers the paddle-wheel, &c, helps to make a break in the gallery, separating the gentlemen from the ladies. Before the paddle-box, on one side, is the steward's pantry, and on the other, that indispensable luxury to an American, the barber's shop. The artistic nigger who officiates is also the sole dispenser of the luxury of oysters, upon which fish the Anglo Saxon in this hemisphere is intensely ravenous. It looks funny enough to a stranger, to see a notice hung up (generally near the bar), "Oysters to be had in the barber's saloon." Everything is saloon in America. Above this saloon deck, and its auxiliaries of barber-shop, gallery, &c, is the hurricane deck, whereon is a small collection of cabins for the captain, pilots, &c; there are always two of the latter, and towering above these cabins is the wheel-house, lit all round by large windows, whence all orders to the engineers are readily transmitted by the sound of a good bell. The remainder of the deck—which is, in fact, only the roof of the saloon-cabins and gallery—is open to all those who feel disposed to admire distant views under the soothing influence of an eternal shower of wood cinders and soot.

These vessels vary in breadth from thirty five to fifty feet, and from a hundred and fifty to three hundred

and sixty feet in length; the saloons extending the whole length, except about thirty feet at each end. They have obtained the name of "palace-steamers," and at a coup d'œil they appear to deserve it, for they are grand and imposing, both inside and outside. Some idea may be formed of their solidity, when I state that they are only calculated to last five years; but at the end of three, it is generally admitted that they have paid for themselves, with good interest.

As it may amuse some of my readers, I will give them a sketch of a scene of boat-racing in the olden time.

The "Screecher" was a vessel belonging to Louisville, having a cargo of wild Kentuckians and other passengers on board, among whom was an old lady, who, having bought a winter stock of bacon, pork, &c, was returning to her home on the banks of the Mississippi. The "Burster" was a St Louis boat, having on board a lot of wild back-woodsmen, &c. The two rivals met at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Beat or burst was the alternative. Victory hung in one scale; in the other, defeat and death.

The "Screecher" was a little ahead; gradually the "Burster" closes. The silence of a death-struggle prevails. The Screechers put on more wood, and place more weight on the safety-valve; she bounds ahead. Slowly, but surely, the "Burster" draws nearer. The captain of the "Screecher" looks wistfully at the fires, for the boilers are well nigh worn out.

The "Burster" is almost abreast. The enraged Kentuckians gather round the captain, and, in fury, ask—"Why don't you put more weight on?"

Captain—"Boilers are done, can't bear it now how."

Kentuckians—"Can't bear it? You chicken-hearted coward"—

Knives are drawn, pistols click, a hundred voices exclaim, "Get on it yourself, or I'll bury this knife below your outer skin". Their eyes gleam—their hands are raised for the deadly blow. Wild boys, these Kentuckians; the captain knows it too well. A choice of deaths is before him; excitement decides—he mounts the breech. The "Screecher" shoots through the waters, quivering from head to stern. The Kentucky boys yell with delight and defiance. Again the "Burster" closes on her rival. The enraged Kentuckians shout out, "Oil, I swear! oil, by all creation!" "I smell it!" exclaims the old lady with the store of bacon. Her eyes flash fire; a few words to her slaves Pompey and Cæsar, and casks of bacon, smashed quick as thought, lay before the furnace. In it all goes; the "Screecher" is wild; the captain bounds up and down like a parched pea on a frying-pan; once more she flies ahead of her rival "like a streak of greased lightning." Suddenly—horror of horrors!—the river throbs beneath; the forest trees quake like aspen leaves; the voice of many thunders rends the air; clouds of splinters and human limbs darken the sky. The "Burster" is blown to atoms! The captain jumps down, and joins the wild Kentucky

boys in a yell of victory, through the bass notes of which may be heard the shrill voice of the old lady, crying, "I did it, I did it—it's all my bacon!"

—To resume. On arriving at Alton I went by railway and reached Springfield by 2 o'clock.

Springfield is the capital of the State of Illinois; it is a fine town, with good streets and shops: in the centre of the town is a square, occupied by the State Capitol and other public edifices. In wet weather the streets get in a very bad condition, as the soil is so soft, and only a few of the main thoroughfares are planked. The "plank-road" is a system which has been introduced into the United States from Canada. The method of construction is very simple, consisting of two stringers of oak two inches square, across which are laid three inch planks eight feet long, and mostly of pine or hemlock. No spiking of the planks into the stringers is required, and a thin layer of sand or soil being placed over all, the road is made. When completed, it is as smooth as a bowling green. The only objection I believe to these roads is, that the jarring sensation produced by them is very injurious to the horses' legs. I heard that taking an average, the roads may be said to last from eight to ten years, and that the cost is about £330 a mile.

Springfield like other places in this part of the country, is surrounded by the wide prairie. The weather to day was lovely, exceedingly hot. After dining I enjoyed a delightful walk.

June 9th. This morning I had a pleasant stroll

in the vicinity of Springfield. After I had breakfasted to day I sat reading in the front of the Hotel under the shadow of a cluster of trees, and while so engaged my attention was diverted by the appearance of, could it be? —no! yes!—no! yes, by George! a real, living Bloomer. Of course the Bloomer soon became the star of attraction to me: on she came with a pretty face, dark hair, eyes to match, and a good figure; she wore a black beaver hat, low crown, and broad brim; round the hat was tied, in a large bow, a bright red ribbon: under a black silk polka, which fitted to perfection, she had a pair of chocolate coloured pantaloons, hanging loosely and gathered in above the ankles, and a neat pair of little feet were cased in a sensible pair of boots, light, but at the same time substantial. I had the chance of seeing how the Bloomer would face the difficulty of crossing over a portion of the roadway which was in a very bad condition; it did not seem to give her a moment's thought, she went straight at it, and reached the opposite spot in the easiest way possible.

Now, reader, suppose you imagine a scene, which probably may not be unfamiliar to some.

Place—A muddy crossing near a parish school.
 Time—Play hours. Dramatis personæ. An old lady and twenty schoolboys. Scene—The old lady comes sailing along the footways, doing for nothing that for which sweepers are paid; arrived at the crossing, a cold shudder comes over her as she gazes in despair at the sea of mud she must traverse; behold

now the frantic efforts she is making to gather up the endless mass of gown, petticoats, and auxiliaries with which custom and fashion have smothered her; her hands can scarcely grasp all the folds; at last she makes a start, exhibiting a beautifully filled pair of snow-white stockings; on she goes, the journey is half over; suddenly a score of urchin voices are heard in chorus, "Twig her legs, twig her legs." The irate dame turns round to reprove them by words, or wither them with a glance; but alas! in her indignation she raises a threatening hand, forgetful of the important duties it was fulfilling, and down go gown, petticoats, and auxiliaries in the filthy mire; the boys of course roar with delight—it's the jolliest fun they have had for many a day; the old lady gathers up her things in haste, and reaches the opposite side with a filthy dress and a furious temper.

The reader may perhaps exclaim, these are two extremes; but let any mind, unwarped by prejudice and untrammelled by custom, decide whether the costume of the Springfield Bloomer or of the old lady be the more sensible.

To return to my narrative, let me tell the reader, that by 2 o'clock I had left Springfield, and was on my way to visit another of the Western Cities—Chicago.

The route between Springfield and Chicago lies through a portion of an immense area of prairie land. The great landscape feature of Illinois State is the prairie country, the uniform level of which is supposed to result from the deposits of waters by which the land

was ages ago covered. The soil is entirely free from stones, and is extremely fertile.

The kind of prairie uniformly preferred by settlers, on account of its superior productiveness, is termed the "Rolling Prairie". In this there is a gradual and very perceptible undulation in the soil, which produces, at a distance, a very fine effect. The soil is much richer than that of the other plains, and yields the most abundant crops in return for comparatively light labour. Although not a tree of any description rears its trunk on these wide prairies, it is nevertheless a remarkable fact, that under the surface, at the depth of twenty to sixty feet, timber is frequently found; large trees in a good state of preservation lying horizontally; and what is more singular still, these trees so buried beneath the earth are of a kind the genus even of which is not found in the region, nor indeed within the limits of the territory of the United States. They are Palms! and characterized by the soft spongy wood and scaly bark of this exclusively tropical production.

The "Flat Prairie" is so called from its being usually almost as level as a race-course; it abounds in tall and luxuriant grass, invaluable for cattle, but not possessing so eligible a soil for cultivation; hence settlers usually avoid it, and choose the undulating or rolling prairie. In the autumn and winter, the grass being at those seasons very tall and dry, travelling over the prairies is often rendered dangerous by extensive conflagrations occurring upon them.

These are sometimes the result of accident or carelessness; but more frequently the grass is fired for the purpose of improving the pasture of the following spring, upon which subsist vast herds of Bisons and other wild animals, upon the chase of which many tribes of Indians depend for an annual supply of food. During my journey I had a long conversation with an old farmer who had been in the States many years, and he gladly gave me information on many subjects. By 12 o'clock at night I arrived at Chicago, soon after which time I was comfortably ensconced in the Tremont House Hotel.

June 10th. To day I amused myself by seeing over Chicago. This is the largest and most important city in Illinois, and in its rapid growth, the most remarkable in the Union. In 1831 it was only an Indian trading post, and as late as 1840 its population did not number 5000, while in 1857 it scarcely fell short of 160,000.

The city is on the southern shore of Lake Michigan; the site is an extremely level plain, stretching away for miles in beautiful and fertile prairies. It is divided into three portions by the two branches of the Chicago River, which unite within a mile of the lake. The Michigan and the Wabash Avenues—the one on the lake shore and the other next behind—are noble thoroughfares, in their extent, their architecture, and, more especially, in their fine lines of noble trees; I enjoyed a walk in the afternoon in these beautiful Avenues. The most striking of the public edifices are

the Merchants' Exchange and the Court House; I ascended to the summit of the latter and was well repaid for the trouble by the beautiful view of the city and the surrounding country. While I was in Chicago great and ruinous competition was being carried on by the Railway Companies running between that city and New York, (a distance of nearly a thousand miles); tickets were to be had to convey passengers the aforesaid distance for 12 dollars, and this went on for a fortnight.

To day I was pleased by meeting with Mr Campbell (of Glasgow), one of my fellow passengers in the Persia; we had a long chat about our respective tours which we had made. As I have before stated, the site of the city is perfectly level, this had been found to be prejudicial in drainage &c, so it was determined a year or two back to raise the level of the streets some five feet or so. This improvement was still being carried out when I was there, and also another necessary alteration of which I will say a few words as the work was very peculiar in itself. The reader may imagine when the streets had been raised to the proposed height, the houses and stores were to an extent buried; to obviate this dilemma it was finally decided to raise the various buildings to the required height, so as to make them on a perfect level with the new road. I certainly was surprised to see with what facility they accomplished this difficult task; a foundation was dug out, and then the building was securely propped and "lifted up" by the aid of a

number of "jacks". Not only were wooden buildings raised in this manner, but they also managed to do the same with large brick houses; as I saw them at work on several of the latter I was able to judge well of the contrivance; I need not say that the occupiers gain an extra space as they were enabled to construct capital cellar room.

Chicago boasts of numerous very fine buildings, many of the "Stores" rivalling in extent and build with those in New York. It is wonderful to think of the surprising growth of this Western City, and the next few years (by which time they will have completed the improvement in the streets) will doubtless effect still greater strides in this enterprising place.

Chicago is a most important depot for Wheat, the arrivals of which during the year is most surprising. This city, with its immense railway and water facilities, is within ready and speedy reach of all the cities and towns of Illinois and the neighbouring States, and is an important depot upon most of the great routes from the Atlantic to all the north-western sections of the Union.

June 11th. This morning I left Chicago for a thriving town some fifty miles further west, there to find out a relative who had been in the States many years. I need not say that I astonished my relation and his wife amazingly, they not having had the slightest idea of my being in America; I staid with them two days and then quitted them to resume my tour.

June 14th. I returned to day to Chicago. For the last few nights the cold had been unusually severe, and in some parts the frost had done damage to the crops.

June 15th. This morning I bade adieu to Chicago leaving by the 8 o'clock train for Cleveland, a distance of 355 miles. I will not tire the reader with unnecessary explanations that the train stopped at this place for the passengers to dine, and at that place for them to have tea; suffice it to say, each of those opportunities was not lost sight of by me, and that after a pleasant journey I arrived at Cleveland at 10 o'clock. During the journey this evening I witnessed the most magnificent sunset that I had ever seen.

June 16th. Cleveland, after Cincinnati, is the chief city of Ohio; it is situated on the shore of Lake Erie. The streets are wide, regular, well paved, and most agreeably shaded with fine trees. Near the centre of the town is a public square, occupying ten acres. After dinner I was again on the move, leaving at 3 o'clock for Buffalo, where I arrived by 11 o'clock at night; the railway on a great part of this route is constructed on the banks of Lake Erie.

June 17th. I had a pleasant stroll through the principal portions of Buffalo this morning. In the vicinity of the city there are a great number of private residences, most of them having pleasant gardens attached, which gave them an appearance similar to villas in our own country.

Buffalo is an important commercial and also

manufacturing city, it has grown so great and so fast, that although it was laid out as late as 1801, and in 1813 had only two hundred houses, its population numbered two years since 80,000. It certainly is a wondrous place—a type of American activity and enterprise: a splendid harbour, a lighthouse, piers, breakwater, &c, have been constructed, and the place is daily increasing. In the year 1852 upwards of four thousand vessels, representing a million and a half of tonnage, cleared at the harbour, and goods to the value of nearly seven millions sterling arrived from the Lakes, the greater portion of the cargoes being grain. The value of goods annually delivered by the Erie Canal is eight millions.

This afternoon I quitted Buffalo, and in an hour I was conveyed by rail to that “Wonder of Wonders” the Falls of Niagara.

Having decided upon staying at the hotel on the Canada shore first, as soon as I alighted from the cars I made my way to the Ferry House (about ten minutes walk); here there is an inclined plane, down which I descended in a car, which was worked by a water wheel and rope. Arrived at the bottom of the inclined plane I found a ferry-boat waiting to convey me over the Niagara River to the Canadian side; about ten minutes sufficed to land me in safety on the soil of Canada, the passage in the ferry-boat was most exciting and novel, for it was tossed about like a mere toy on the mass of turbulent waters, and being quite close to a portion of the Falls it was

almost impossible to hear one's own voice. As soon as I gained the opposite shore I proceeded to the Clifton House Hotel, which is situated nearly opposite the centre of the irregular crescent formed by the Falls,

Doubtless the reader will now say, what were your first impressions? That is a difficult question to answer. Certainly, I did not share that feeling of disappointment which some people have expressed. The following few remarks were made by a gentleman who visited Niagara some time previous to my being there.

He said—"If a man propose to go to Niagara for mere beauty, he had better stay at home and look at a lily through a microscope; if to hear a mighty noise, he had better go where the anchors are forged in Portsmouth Dockyard; if to see a mighty struggle of waters, he had better take a cruise on board a pilot boat, in the Bay of Biscay, during an equinoctial gale; but, if he be content to see the most glorious cataract his Maker has placed upon our globe; if, in a stupendous work of Nature, he have a soul to recognise the Almighty Workman; and if, while gazing thereon, he can travel from Nature up to Nature's God; then, let him go to Niagara, in full assurance of enjoying one of the grandest and most solemnizing scenes that this earth affords."

It is certainly impossible to acquaint the reader with the state of my feelings when I found myself face to face with these most wonderful Falls. I am

fully satisfied that it is a long time before the finite senses of any human being can grasp the full glory of this extraordinary spectacle. I cannot say that I ever reached a satisfactory comprehension of it. I only know that I understood thoroughly what was meant by the ancient phrase of "spellbound"; that I knew what fascination was; and that I made full allowance for the madness of any poor, weak, excited human creature who, in a moment of impulse or frenzy, had thrown him or her self headlong into that too beautiful and too entrancing abyss.

I will leave till tomorrow giving a further account of this enchanting spot. My pleasures to day were heightened by receiving news from home, and after I had read the letters I could but say to myself, Oh, how I wish some of my friends were present with me to enjoy the beauties of Niagara.

June 18th. The weather to day was lovely. I was fortunate in arriving at the Falls before the commencement of the "season", which enabled me to obtain first rate accommodation at the hotel; my bedroom was situated facing the Falls, a finer prospect it was impossible to obtain.

After the first feelings of mingled awe and delight were over, I began in some degree to realise the sublimity of the scene. What overcomes the visitor at first is the continual roar of the mass of mighty waters, it is perfectly deafening, but as soon as the ear becomes accustomed to it, they descend with a lulling and soothing sound. The noise of the Falls

is sometimes heard at a very great distance, but of course it is constantly modified by the direction and strength of the wind.

The great Lakes of North America—Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie—pour the flood of their accumulated waters into Lake Ontario, through a channel of about 36 miles in length. This channel is named the Niagara River, and is part of the boundary between Canada and the State of New York. Twenty two miles below its commencement at Lake Erie occur these celebrated Falls of Niagara. These Falls are divided into two by Goat Island. The Canadian or Horse-Shoe Fall is in reality Niagara itself, it is 2000 feet wide, and 160 feet high. The American Falls are 900 feet wide, and about 160 feet high, stupendous as they are, they must be considered no more than an offshoot from the main cataract. Over this magnificent precipice it is said the irresistible tide rushes at the rate of a hundred million tons of water every hour!

Niagara, according to the testimony of all who dwell near it, is never more beautiful than in the cold midwinter, when no tourists visit it, and when the sides of the chasm are corrugated and adorned with pillars and stalactites of silvery frost; and when huge blocks of ice from Lake Erie, weighing hundreds of tons, are hurled down the Rapids and over the Falls, as if they were of no greater specific gravity than feathers or human bodies, and reappear half a mile lower down the river, shivered to numberless fragments.

It is a tradition of Niagara that, in 1822 or 1823, such a thick wall of ice was formed above Goat Island that no water flowed past for several hours, and that in the interval the precipice at the Horse Shoe Fall was perfectly bare and dry. A picture of the scene, painted at the time, is still in existence.

One of the grandest views of the Horse Shoe Fall is obtained from "Table Rock", a large overhanging ledge; from this point the sight is most impressive and sublime. Amongst the numberless spots of interest to which the visitor is taken by the guides, is one on a path which lies under a portion of the Horse Shoe Fall; waterproof garments are provided as it is almost impossible to walk on the said spot without getting drenched. However, I felt inclined to make my own way, so I discarded both the use of the guide and the waterproof garments. I was fortunate in viewing the scene in safety, but of course I did not penetrate anything like the distance as if I had been accompanied by a guide. On the narrow path where I stood the view was awfully grand, the thick volume of water which seemed near enough for me to touch, came bounding down with immense velocity; added to this, the hissing spray, and the deafening roar from the misty vortex which was at my feet, produced an indescribable feeling of awe, and I was more than ever impressed with the tremendous magnificence of Niagara.

This evening I had a most delightful walk along the banks of the Niagara River on the Canadian side:

about three miles from the Falls is situated a Suspension Bridge, a noble and stupendous structure, it spans the river, and forms a communication between Canada and the States. Over this bridge the Great Western Railway passes, and the road for carriages and foot passengers is suspended twenty eight feet below the railway line. The length of the bridge is 800 feet; width, 24 feet; height above the river, 250 feet.

June 19th. This morning I walked to Church, about three miles from the Hotel; after I returned I enjoyed a stroll till half past 2 o'clock when a hundred and thirty of us sat down to dinner; this is not near the number who are present in "the season", about another five weeks time. After dinner I seated myself in the balcony of the Hotel, from which spot I was able to enjoy the magnificent sight of the Falls. The weather to day was lovely, very hot; the evening was also beautiful.

I ought to say a few words about the Clifton House Hotel, which is a most extensive place; the accommodation was most excellent, every comfort that the visitor could wish for being at his command. There are gardens attached, also concert rooms, and large public saloons, which of course are the chief places of attraction during the season, and to make the Hotel complete, it is lighted with gas.

June 20th. This morning I quitted the Clifton House,—re-crossing the Niagara River in the ferry-boat—in order to stay a little time on the American

shore at the Cataract House Hotel. The view from this side of the river is not near so grand as that from the Canada shore, only a portion of the Horse Shoe Fall being visible, and the sight of the American Fall being lost to view altogether. However, there are various spots of interest to be visited, first of which is Goat Island. This island which is heavily wooded, divides the Falls, it is half a mile long by a quarter broad, and contains about seventy acres. At the extremity of the island is a bridge leading to "Terrapin Tower". This tower occupies a singular and awful position. A few scattered masses of rock lie on the very brink of the Great Fall, seeming as if unable to maintain their position against the tremendous rush of water. Upon these rocks the tower is built. From the summit is obtained the most magnificent view that can be conceived,—the rapids above rolling tumultuously towards you,—the green water of the mighty Falls at your feet,—below you the hissing caldron of spray, and the river with its steep banks beyond,—in fact the whole range of the Falls themselves, and the world of raging waters around them, are seen from this commanding point of view. The tower is forty five feet high. The bridge leading to this tower is usually wet with spray, which behoves the visitor to be careful in crossing. Another splendid sight is obtained by descending "Biddle's Stairs", which were erected to enable visitors to reach the bottom of the perpendicular precipice. From this point the sight is terrific.

The frowning cliff seems about to fall, and I was stunned by the roar of the water as it fell headlong on the broken rocks, burst into a white foam, and re-ascended in clouds of spray. Terrapin Bridge and Tower, now diminished by distance, seemed about to be swept over the Falls. Portions of the rock fall here occasionally, so that the passage is not altogether unattended with danger.

The following lines are by Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle—

“There’s nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall !
 Thou may’st not to the fancy’s sense recal ;
 The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning’s leap,
 The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
 Earth’s ’emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
 The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
 The tread of armies thickening as they come,
 The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
 The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
 The passion and the prowess of our race,
 The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
 The unresisted sweep of human power,
 Britannia’s trident on the azure sea,
 America’s young shout of liberty !
 Oh ! may the waves that madden in thy deep,
 There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep,
 And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
 The nations on thy banks repose in peace !”

There are various albums at Niagara, containing

other effusions equally creditable to their authors; but there is also a mass of rubbish, from which I will only give two specimens. One, evidently from the pen of a Cockney; and the other, the poetical inspiration of a free and enlightened.

Cockney poet—

“Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Nia—ga—ra.”

Free and enlightened—

“Of all the roaring, pouring,
Spraying streams that dash,
Niagara is Number One
All to immortal smash!”

Not desiring to appear to as great disadvantage as either of the two last quoted writers, I decline the attempt.

June 21st. This morning I walked to see the “Whirlpool”, which is situated about three miles below the Falls. This novel sight is occasioned by the river making nearly a right angle, while it is here narrower than at any other place, not being more than thirty rods wide, and the current running with such velocity as to rise up in the middle ten feet above the sides, this has been ascertained by measurement. After dining I amused myself by strolling about Goat Island. To reach this island the visitor has to cross two light iron bridges (connecting Bath Island) at the first of which he has to

pay twenty five cents, and to enter his name in a book, this entitles him to cross as often as he pleases. From these bridges the "Rapids" are seen in grand and impressive aspect; forming a magnificent sight. The fall of the river from the head of the rapids (a mile above the Falls) to the edge of the precipice is nearly sixty feet; and the tumultuous madness of the waters, hurling and foaming in wayward billows and breakers down this descent, as if fretting with impatience, is a fine contrast to the uniform magnificent sweep with which at length they gush into the thundering flood below.

Thus have I endeavoured to place before the reader the glories of Niagara; I feel it is but a poor and shadowy description of that wonderful and glorious sight. I can assure the reader that it was not without great reluctance that I quitted that enchanting spot, after having spent four days of the greatest pleasure imaginable.

June 22nd. This morning compelled me to take my last look at Niagara, and having taken my seat in the Cars I was soon on my way to Hamilton.

This city is among the most beautiful and most prosperous in Canada; I only staid there three hours, then proceeded again to Toronto, reaching there by 5 o'clock. Finding that there was to be a representation of the Opera of the Bohemian Girl at the theatre this evening, I took my place in the boxes, there to witness the manner in which theatricals were conducted in this part of Canada. I was surprised on

entering, to find the theatre very small, certainly not the size of the Strand Theatre in London; the accommodation was very indifferent, the fittings and decorations to match. I was still further astonished when I perceived only two men appear to form the Orchestra, but it was a fact, one played a piano, and the other a violin; I need not dilate upon the merits of the "get up" of the Opera, I will leave this to the reader to imagine.

June 23rd. Toronto is the largest and most populous city in Canada West, it is prettily situated on Lake Ontario, a lake about a hundred and ninety miles long by fifty broad. The position of the town is admirably adapted for a great commercial city: it possesses a secure harbour, and it has many facilities of speedy water and railway communication.

The Provincial Legislature meets at Toronto and Québec, alternately, every four years—an arrangement made since the disturbances of 1849, which resulted in the burning of the Parliament Houses at Montreal. However, these arrangements are now altered, the city of Ottawa having been selected by the Home Government in place of Toronto. The University claims the most attention amongst the various public buildings in Toronto, it is a very fine and handsome edifice.

June 24th. This morning I left Toronto, and after travelling about six hours by railway I arrived in Kingston. This is but a small place, though once of considerable importance; it is beautifully situated.

and is strongly fortified; it also possesses some very fine public buildings.

June 25th. This morning at 6 o'clock I left Kingston by Steamer, to make my way down the River St Lawrence to the City of Montreal. I had looked forward with much pleasure to this tour, having heard that the route lay through some most beautiful scenery. After about three hours sail from Kingston, the steamer arrived at the finest portion of the route, known and admired by many as the "Thousand Isles". It was certainly many times a curious speculation to me, how the steamer was to find its way through the labyrinth of the countless islands, which studded the broad waters of the St Lawrence; the scenery was charming. By 3 o'clock we arrived at the "Rapids", passing which always creates an excitement on board; previous to arriving at Lachine Rapid, which is the principal one and the most dangerous, an old Indian came on board to pilot the steamer through this intricate and difficult passage. Soon was the steamer in the midst of the raging water, and it required all the energy and self command of our trusty pilot to keep the vessel from making a plunge into various dangerous parts of the river; such was the force of the current that the steamer was carried along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this without the aid of any steam power, the engines being purposely stopped. Passing over these Rapids was certainly both novel and exciting, but I was glad when I found the steamer had passed them all in safety. The

weather this morning had been dull, but as the afternoon advanced it became overcast, and soon we encountered a heavy thunderstorm, this slightly interfered with the afternoon's pleasure; however I enjoyed this day's route exceedingly. By 6 o'clock the steamer reached Montreal, a short time sufficed for landing, &c, and taking a seat in an omnibus I was soon "set down" at the Montreal House Hotel.

June 26th. The weather to day was lovely, very hot. This day is always looked forward to by the inhabitants of Montreal, and it is considered to be the galaday of the year; it is called "Grand Procession Sunday". I was fortunate in arriving in time to view the ceremony; this consisted in the High Priest going in state to the Cathedral, accompanied by Nuns, Priests, the numerous charity schools of the city, and numberless other personages too numerous to mention. When these various people chanted as they passed along, the effect was very striking; on the arrival of the procession at the Cathedral, a grand service and High Mass was performed in that edifice.

June 27th. I must now give the reader some idea of the venerable, picturesque, and flourishing city of Montreal (invariably pronounced Montre—all).

It is one of the most ancient cities on the North American Continent, having been founded in 1642. It contains a population of 75,000. It is not only a beautiful but a solidly-built city, and wears a general air and aspect of strength befitting the climate. By the French Roman Catholics, who form nearly

one half of the population, it is called affectionately the *Ville Marie*, or town of the Virgin Mary; the names of its principal streets, derived from those of the Saints in the Romish Calendar, testify alike to the fervency and to the faith of its founders. The quays of Montreal are unsurpassed by those of any city in America; built of solid limestone, and uniting with the locks and cut stone wharves of the Lachine Canal, they display for several miles a mass of continuous masonry. Unlike the towns of the Ohio and the Mississippi, no unsightly warehouses disfigure the river side. A broad terrace, faced with gray limestone, the parapets of which are surmounted with a substantial iron railing, divides the city from the river throughout its whole length.

Amongst the public buildings, the most remarkable is the Roman Catholic Cathedral; of the vastness of the interior of this edifice, an idea may be formed from the fact that it is capable of accommodating nearly 12,000 persons. The view from the summit of its towers, one of which I ascended—embracing the city and its suburbs, the river, and the surrounding country—is exceedingly beautiful. Other elegant public edifices claim the attention of the visitor, also numerous banks, nunneries, and churches: all of these buildings are erected in a most durable manner.

June 28th. The weather yesterday and to day was splendid; the heat which prevailed would be thought extreme in England (94 degrees in the shade), although in this part it was only the commencement

of the hot weather.

Previously to the acquisition of the present railway system in Canada, the immense resources of that country were consequently little known. Foremost in this system of railways is the Grand Trunk Railway, which running through the head of Canada for a distance of 1000 miles, is the most important; it has ocean termini at Portland and Quebec, and on the West communicates with the great lines of railways in the States. In the construction of this immense length of railway it was seen to be important that perfect unity should be preserved, and that no break should occur in crossing the river St Lawrence. Then arose the question, can the St Lawrence be bridged? At the point proposed the river is no less than two miles wide, the current is very rapid, and in the spring much danger arises from the immense masses of floating ice. However, after a careful inspection of the proposed spot, it was decided as practicable to erect an iron bridge, on the tubular principle, so triumphantly instanced in the construction of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits in England. This now brings me to my intended remarks respecting the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal.

This bridge when completed will certainly be the most wonderful production of engineering skill in the world; the iron tubes rest upon twenty five piers, these latter are very massive, many of the blocks of stone weighing twelve to fifteen tons each. The centre

tube is three hundred and thirty feet in length, and the twelve tubes on each side of the centre one are two hundred and forty two feet in length; the height of the centre span is sixty feet above summer water level. The length of "tubing" is over one mile and three quarters, with the stone approaches—which are exceedingly massive—the length is just upon two miles. The great difficulty that had to be encountered was being able to get a good foundation upon the rocky bed of the river, and the work that had to be accomplished—previous to a single stone being laid—was immense; this portion of the work was rendered more tedious in consequence of the rapidity with which the river runs, which is equal to seven miles an hour. All the iron plates were shipped from Birkenhead, the rivets and other portions were made on the spot, large workshops being erected close handy. The way in which they formed the tubes, was first by erecting an immense staging from pier to pier, and on this the iron plates were rivetted together; that done, the staging was removed, and the tube was then complete in its resting place.

I was most fortunate in being able to inspect this wonderful structure, as I had the good fortune this morning to meet Mr Campbell (who I had last seen in Chicago); this gentleman had a letter of introduction to Mr Hodges, the Engineer who was carrying out the works on the part of the eminent contractors Messrs Peto and Co. Mr Campbell very kindly asked me to accompany him, and we both received great

attention from Mr Hodges, who explained to us most of the details of the construction of the bridge: Mr Ross (the Chief Engineer of the Railway Co) also accompanied us in our tour of inspection. There still remained three tubes to be erected, but the works were expected to be finished by the end of the year. To Mr Ross—in conjunction with Mr R. Stephenson—is the honour and praise due of perfecting this stupendous and extraordinary bridge.

This evening I hired a carriage and had a most delightful ride round the Mountain, a route generally recommended to strangers, the views from various points are splendid.

June 29th. This morning at 7 o'clock I bade adieu to Montreal; crossing the St Lawrence by Ferry, I took my place in the cars for Quebec, which city is situated 170 miles from Montreal. By 2 o'clock I had arrived opposite Quebec, and as the city lies on the same side of the river St Lawrence as Montreal, I had to re-cross by Ferry.

Quebec is the capital of United Canada, and after Montreal, the most populous city in British North America; it is the quaintest and most remarkable city in the New World—picturesque as Edinburgh and strong as Gibraltar. Everybody who has seen or read of Quebec must remember the magnificent towering rock overhanging the river, on the summit of which the citadel is placed, forming at once the chief stronghold of its defence, and the grandest feature of its scenery. The city is divided into two

sections, called the Upper and the Lower Towns ; the Upper Town occupying the highest part of the promontory, which is surrounded by strong walls and other fortifications ; and the Lower Town, being built around the base of Cape Diamond. The latter is the business quarter.

June 30th. I had not been many hours in Quebec before I stood at the wall of the citadel, overlooking the river from a dizzy height of 300 feet—the standard of Great Britain floating over my head ; the red-coated soldiers of my native land pacing their rounds, and suggesting, by their general appearance, the dear old country, from which I was separated by so many thousand miles of ocean ; and on the soil of whose noble colony I stood, and felt that I was no longer a “foreigner”, as I was sometimes reminded when in the United States.

The Citadel with its numerous buildings covers about 40 acres ; its impregnable position makes it perhaps the strongest fortress on the American Continent. The view from the citadel is most lovely, taking in, as it does, the opposite banks of the great river for nearly 50 miles up and down. I heard it said, that a gentleman once remarked, that the only scene he knew more glorious than that which meets the eye from the citadel at Quebec was Rio Janeiro, which he believed to be by far the grandest in the world ; but the Rio lacks the associations of Quebec. Who could forget that beneath its walls two chieftains, the bravest of the brave, fell on the same battle field.

The spot where our hero fell is marked by a pillar, erected in 1834—seventy five years after the event—bearing the following simple inscription:—

Here died
Wolfe,
Victorious.

Nor has the noble foe been forgotten, though for a long time unnoticed. In the year 1827, the Earl of Dalhousie being Governor-General, a monument was raised in Quebec to Wolfe and Montcalm. The following words, forming part of the inscription I think well worthy of insertion: "Military prowess gave them a common death, History a common fame, Posterity a common monument." It is a curious fact, that when the foundation stone was laid, an old soldier from Ross-shire, the last living veteran of the gallant band who fought under Wolfe, was present at the ceremony, being then in his 95th year. I did not fail going on to the Heights of Abraham, famous as being the battle field where Wolfe, the young General of thirty two, gained Canada for Great Britain, and wrested from the French their American empire. While I was enjoying myself in this romantic spot, I was enlivened by the 39th regiment making their appearance, being marched out from the citadel to perform various field exercises. Quebec contains—besides a very fine Roman Catholic Cathedral—numerous churches and nunneries, also various fine edifices, both public and private. This afternoon I

had a carriage and made a most delightful excursion to the Falls of Montmorenci, situated about eight miles from the city: these falls are a very fine sight, the descent of the torrent is 250 feet. Those who visit the falls in the winter, see one fine feature added to the scene, although they may lose some others. The spray freezes, and forms a regular cone, of a hundred feet and upwards in height, standing immediately at the bottom of the cataract.

July 1st. Although I could have staid longer with much pleasure in the interesting city of Quebec, yet I resolved to pursue my journey without delay. I shall always have most pleasing recollections of my trip in Canada, where I spent many delightful days. Canada, adieu!

It was halfpast 6 o'clock this morning that I left Quebec by railway for Portland, a distance of 320 miles, where I arrived by 7 o'clock in the evening. Portland, the commercial metropolis of Maine, is handsomely situated on a peninsula. The harbor is one of the best on the Atlantic coast, the anchorage being protected on every side by land, whilst the water is deep, and communication with the ocean direct and convenient. This city is elegantly built, and the streets are beautifully shaded and embellished with trees; these rural delights give a most pleasing appearance to many of the towns in the States. After enjoying tea on my arrival, I took a stroll through a portion of the city.

July 2nd. This morning I journeyed on, and about

mid-day arrived in the city of Boston : the Tremont House, a most comfortable hotel, formed my headquarters.

Boston is one of the most interesting of the great American Cities, not only from its position as second in commercial rank to New York alone, but from its historical associations, and from its numerous and admirable establishments for education, benevolence, &c; and from its elegant public and private architecture, and from the surpassing natural beauty of all its suburban landscape. Boston Common or Park is a favourite resort of the citizens, it contains about fifty acres, prettily laid out. It would be taxing the reader to give a list of the many public buildings that adorn Boston, amongst which the Churches are numerous, many of them are imposing edifices.

The streets of this city, which grew up according to circumstances, are many of them intricate; but these old parts which remain, relieve the eye from the tiring monotony of broad and straight streets. The neighbourhood of Boston has a charm for a wanderer from the old country; the roads are excellent, the fields and gardens are tidied up, creepers are led up the cottage walls, suburban villas abound, everything looked more clean, more snug, and more settled than the neighbourhood of any other city I visited in America, and thus forced back upon the mind associations and reflections of dear old home.

July 3rd. This morning I attended Church, and afterwards had a stroll till dinner, also in the evening.

July 4th. This day is always held as a national holiday in America, it being the anniversary of the States. It is useless to try to give the reader any idea of the excitement that was going on in the city to day. I strolled about and enjoyed seeing all the various amusements which were going forward; the day was finished with a grand display of fireworks and illuminations, these however I did not witness, as I left at 6 o'clock to re-visit New York. I went by rail to Fall River, where the Steamer Metropolis was waiting to convey passengers on to New York. The steamers on this route are very large, and splendidly fitted up; the Metropolis had berth accommodation for a thousand passengers, so some idea may be formed of their capacity.

July 5th. The Metropolis reached New York by 6 o'clock this morning, and on landing I walked to the Metropolitan Hotel, where I had before staid. On my way to the hotel I was amused by watching several men with ice-carts, leaving a square block of ice at nearly every doorway; the consumption of ice is immense, as a daily supply is delivered for a mere trifle. I made application to day to Cunard & Co to obtain a passage home in their Steamship Arabia, which was to leave Boston in a week hence for Liverpool: I was very fortunate in being able to obtain a berth, as at this season of the year there are always a great number of people leaving for England.

I called this morning I called on Mr Galwey, the gentleman who went out with me in the same cabin

in the Persia; I had the pleasure of his company at my hotel to dinner, when I made him acquainted with the success of my tour; after dining we went to Niblo's Theatre, which is attached to the hotel.

July 6th. To day I also staid in New York. I did myself the pleasure this morning of calling upon Messrs Murray & Ingate, from whom I had received much kind attention; they were pleased to find that I had made such a delightful tour, and that I had enjoyed myself so thoroughly. After spending a pleasant day ströling about the city I returned to dinner at 6 o'clock, after which I went to Niblo's.

July 7th. This morning I "bade adieu" to New York, leaving at 7 o'clock by Steamer on the Hudson River for Albany. The scenery on the Hudson is in many parts magnificent, I certainly enjoyed the trip on this noble river exceedingly. On the summit of the banks of this river not a great distance from New York, is situated Wenham Lake, from which is obtained the well known ice that is exported to England.

One of the most attractive spots on the Hudson is West Point, at which place is situated the United States Military Academy. By 6 o'clock Albany hove in sight. As the steamer neared the wharf, it became alive with Paddy cabmen and porters of every age: the former, brandishing their whips, made such a rush on board when we got within jumping distance, that one would have thought they had come to storm the vessel. I soon landed and in a little time was snug in the Congress Hall Hotel. Albany is the

capital of the Empire State, and has a population of 70,000.

July 8th. Leaving Albany this morning I journeyed on by railway to Whitehall, where I embarked on board a steamer, and traversed a portion of Lake Champlain as far as Fort Ticonderoga. I arrived at this latter spot by 1 o'clock, when I lunched, and at 3 o'clock started in a Stage with several other tourists for Lake George. On the route we passed through the village of Ticonderoga, where I noticed four conspicuous churches. One of them looked neglected, and in reply to a few remarks respecting the state in which the Church was then in, the driver gave his opinion as follows:—"I guess she was a Baptist, but I reckon she didn't pay, so they stopped running her."

On arriving at Lake George, I embarked on the Minne—ha—ha, a beautiful steamer, to proceed to the head of the lake, a distance of 36 miles. The scenery on Lake George is most lovely, its surface is everywhere dotted with the most romantic looking islands, and its shores are encompassed by picturesque hills, clothed with rich vegetation, and, many of them, rising to a height that almost entitles them to rank as mountains. By 6 o'clock the head of the Lake was reached, and I soon obtained comfortable quarters in the extensive Fort William Henry Hotel; the views from this elegant building were most exquisite, and the entertainment admirable.

July 9th. The weather yesterday and to day was splendid. I amused myself this morning for a couple

of hours by taking a boat, and enjoying a quiet row on the lake by myself; this was quite a treat, nothing disturbed the serenity of the scene, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly in that lovely spot. The lake offers first rate sport to the angler; salmon-trout, perch, pike, &c, abounding, and all of the finest quality. At 2 o'clock I quitted this romantic place for Saratoga, arriving there by 6 o'clock; I staid at the United States Hotel, which was the most extensive building I had ever been in.

Saratoga has been for many years, and probably, always will be, the most famous place of summer resort in the States. During the height of the fashionable season no less than two or three thousand arrivals occur within a week. There is nothing remarkable about the scenery of Saratoga; on the contrary, the spot would be uninteresting enough but for the virtues of its waters and the pleasures of its brilliant society. The daily programme of Saratoga life, is to drink and to dance—the one in the earliest possible morning and the other at the latest conceivable night.

July 10th. To day the weather was lovely. This being Sunday I rested from the fatigue of travelling, contenting myself with enjoying some pleasant strolls.

July 11th. Saratoga was the last place I visited, as I left this morning at 7 o'clock by railway on my return to Boston, where I arrived by 5 o'clock in the evening.

July 12th. This was the last day that I spent in

America. When I left the society of Mr Crowell, after our trip together in Kentucky, he gave me a most kind invitation to visit him previous to leaving the States. This morning I called upon him, and he very kindly took me in his carriage to see various parts of the city. In the afternoon we had a pleasant excursion by steamer to Nahant, a pretty little watering-place; we dined and spent a few hours there, returning about 6 o'clock: I then accompanied Mr Crowell home and spent a very pleasant evening at his house in the company of his wife and himself.

July 13th. After breakfasting this morning I had my last glass of "liquor", with which I drank my own jolly good health, and wished myself a speedy and safe run across the Atlantic. Having seated myself in a Coach, I was soon rattling through the streets of Boston to the Wharf, where the Steamer Arabia, Captain Stone, was lying ready for a start. Mr Crowell very kindly came to the Wharf to bid me adieu, and to wish me a "bon voyage". After various preparations were brought to a close, friends were to be seen taking their "last farewell"; another few minutes, our worthy Captain showed himself on the bridge and giving orders to have the hawsers cast off, the trusty ship was then free.

America, Farewell!

As soon as the Arabia cleared the various shipping, two salvoes were fired, and then we were fairly on our way for Old England. There were about 150 passengers. Although the morning was cloudy, the

weather was fine. The Cunard Steamers from Boston have to call for the Mails at Halifax, Nova Scotia, so this made a little variety in my homeward passage. The evening was beautifully moonlight.

July 14th. Foggy weather prevailed until mid-day, when it cleared off. This evening at 11 o'clock we reached Halifax where we remained about a couple of hours. The moon this evening was splendid, it was as bright as day. The night being so lovely very few of the passengers had retired to rest, so the scene was very lively while we staid at Halifax. Our time was soon up, and the Arabia was once more under full steam on her voyage to Liverpool. Previous to arriving at Halifax we passed the Cunard Steamer Canada, she signalled and acquainted us that she had run into an Iceberg, which smashed her bowsprit and figurehead, and did other damage.

I do not purpose sketching out for the reader each day's programme, as that would be tedious in the extreme. I must say however that during the passage we had a good deal of foggy weather, which was most disagreeable in more than one respect; first of all, extreme care had to be exercised in keeping clear of Icebergs, which are numerous at this season of the year; an attendant of the fog, —a most noisy and obnoxious one—was the fog-whistle, which was sounded every few minutes day and night. In the second place, the fog prevented those who felt inclined from taking much exercise on deck, and this drawback made time hang heavily on one's hands.

However, after four days or so we were free from fog, which exemption was duly appreciated by all on board. The last night but one of the voyage (which was beautifully moonlight) I remained on deck with several passengers to see the sun rise, but alas! we were disappointed, as the sky became cloudy, so at 4 o'clock I turned into my berth and remained there until 11 o'clock the next morning. This our last evening on the Atlantic was beautifully fine; the improvement in the weather, added to the near prospect of seeing land, made everybody very lively.

Saturday. July 23rd. The weather to day was splendid, very hot. Early this morning we came in sight of land, the northern part of Ireland; at 8 o'clock we passed the famous Giants Causeway on that coast. About 2 o'clock we passed the Isle of Man, and as we were close in shore we had an extremely fine view of the Island. At 6 o'clock the Cunard Steamer Persia passed us on her outward passage; shortly after a pilot came on board. The evening became overcast and misty, by 9 o'clock we reached the bar which we were just enabled to pass over; we then steamed slowly up the Mersey, and by half past 10 o'clock the Arabia was safely anchored. The Custom House Officers then came on board to examine the luggage; such was the confusion and bad management that the passengers did not reach the shore until after midnight.

I need not say how delighted I was when I found myself once more safe and sound on the shores of

Old England, after an absence of three months within a week.

I staid the Sunday and Monday at Liverpool with my cousin, Mr S. H. Lloyd, and on the Tuesday morning I left for London, arriving at 34 Leadenhall Street by 4 o'clock.

Thus was brought to a close my Transatlantic tour; although I was unaccompanied by any friend, I was rarely alone, nearly always having the good fortune of meeting with some pleasant companion. During the whole of my tour I never met with any casualty, or never felt ill, and as I travelled nearly 12,000 miles, I think I was not wrong in congratulating myself upon my safe return home.

I shall always have the liveliest recollections of my visit to America and Canada, where I spent and enjoyed many happy days.

Reader, Farewell!!



American Hotels.

The enormous size of most of the Hotels in the States makes them almost a national peculiarity, and therefore I think a short description of them will not be out of place.

Generally speaking, a large hotel has a ladies' entrance on one side, which is quite indispensable, as the hall entrance is invariably filled with smokers; all the ground floor front, except this hall and a reading-room is let out as shops: there are two dining-saloons, one of which is set apart for ladies and their friends, and to this the vagrant bachelor is not admitted, except he be acquainted with some of the ladies, or receive permission from the master of the house. The great entrance is liberally supplied with an abundance of chairs, benches, &c, and decorated with capacious spittoons, and a stove which glows red hot in the winter. Further inside is the counter for the clerks who appoint the rooms to the travellers, as they enter their names in a book; and on long stools close by is the corps of servants.

The bar is one of the most—if not the most—important departments in the hotel; comparatively

nothing is drunk at dinner, but the moment the meal is over, the bar becomes assailed by applicants; moreover, from morning to midnight, there is a continuous succession of customers; not merely the lodgers and their friends, but any parties passing along the street, who feel disposed, walk into the bar of any hotel, and get "a drink". The money taken at a popular bar in the course of a day is, I believe, perfectly astonishing. Scarcely less important than the bar bar is the barber's shop, which is usually attached to the hotel.

The ominous warning, "Lock your door at night", which is usually hung up in the bedrooms, coupled with the promiscuous society frequently met in large hotels, renders it most advisable to use every precaution. To give the reader an idea of the extent of some of the principal hotels, I will mention the Burnet House at Cincinnati, which is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the States; this hotel makes up from seven to eight hundred beds, and on occasion of the great Democratic Convention held in Cincinnati three or four years since, it managed to accommodate with bed and board no less than three thousand persons; and that, too, for a whole week.

British hotels, as all travellers know, are but small affairs. They were planned in the days when the world had not learned to travel. They suited the age of the packman in his gig, and are, as a Yankee friend well says, "one-horse machines at the best". But the American hotels were produced in an age of

steam, and suit the wants of a community in which almost every one travels; and of a great country, where no one thinks a couple of thousand miles a particularly long distance.

In such palaces as the Burnet House the charge is two dollars and a half per diem (ten shillings and four pence) for a lady or a gentleman, and this includes breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper; the use of a handsome dining-room; of an elegant drawing-room, capable of accommodating six or eight hundred people, and containing as good a pianoforte as money can purchase; a reading-room with two or three hundred newspapers, daily and weekly; and a smoking-room for the gentlemen who smoke, and the "gents" who chew tobacco. There is no extra charge for servants, and no gratuities of any kind (rather a novelty for an Englishman); and all that is not included in this very moderate tariff are wines, beer, and spirits.



American Railways.

It would be absurd to make any comparison between the railways in the States with those in England. A few remarks will suffice to show the reader the truth of what I have just named. In the first place I must state that the greater portion of the railways in the States are single lines; and secondly, that the slovenly and insecure nature of many of the works would I am sure fail to stand the inspection required in England. Then again, there cannot be the slightest comparison between the admirably arranged corps of railway servants in England, and the same class of men in the States; nor between the excellent stations in this country, and the wretched counterpart thereof in the Republic.

The carriages, or cars as they are called, are forty feet in length, and have a passage in the centre running between the rows of seats; they carry about fifty passengers. The American engines have a very sensible provision made for the comfort of the engineer and stoker; they are protected by a weather-proof compartment, the sides whereof, being made of glass, enable them to exercise more effective vigilance than

they possibly could do if they were exposed in the same manner as the men on the English engines are. The speed attained on the American lines is not so great as we are accustomed to in England, their fast trains, which are termed "Lightning Expresses", not making more than 30 miles an hour.

Increased intercourse with Europe will, it is to be hoped, gradually modify various defects on the American railways; but as long as they continue the absurd system of running only one class of carriage, the incongruous hustling together of humanities must totally prevent the travelling in America being as comfortable as that in the Old World.

In many of the towns the course of the railway lies through one of the streets, and mostly without any kind of protection; so that, not being accustomed to see a train going in full cry through the streets, I expected every minute to hear a dying squeak, as some of the little urchins came out, jumping and playing close to the cars; but they seemed to be protected by a kind of instinct; and I think it would be as easy to drive a train over a cock-sparrow as over a Yankee boy. When a railway crosses a road, you are expected to see it,—the only warning being a large painted board, inscribed "Look out for the Train". If it be dark, I suppose you are expected to guess it; but it must be remembered that this is the country of all countries where every person is required to look after himself.



Watery Highways.

There is perhaps scarcely any feature in which the United States differ more from the nations of the Old World, than in the unlimited extent of their navigable waters, the value of which has been incalculably increased by the introduction of steam. I trust the following statement will be found sufficiently accurate to convey a tolerably correct idea of the vastness of the various lakes.

The seaboard on each ocean may be estimated at 1500 miles; the Mississippi and its tributaries, at 17,000 miles; Lake Ontario, at 190 miles by 50; Lake Erie, at 260 miles by 60; Lake Huron, at 200 miles by 70; the Georgian Bay, at 160 miles, one half whereof is about 50 broad; Lake Michigan, at 350 miles by 60; and Lake Superior, at 400 miles by 160. All the lakes combined contain about 100,000 square miles.

Besides the foregoing, there are the eastern rivers, and the deep bays on the ocean board. Leaving, however, these latter out of the question, let the reader endeavour to realize the immense extent of

soil that must be benefited by this bountiful provision
of Providence.



The End.

